Is There A Present Danger? *Morton Kondracke*

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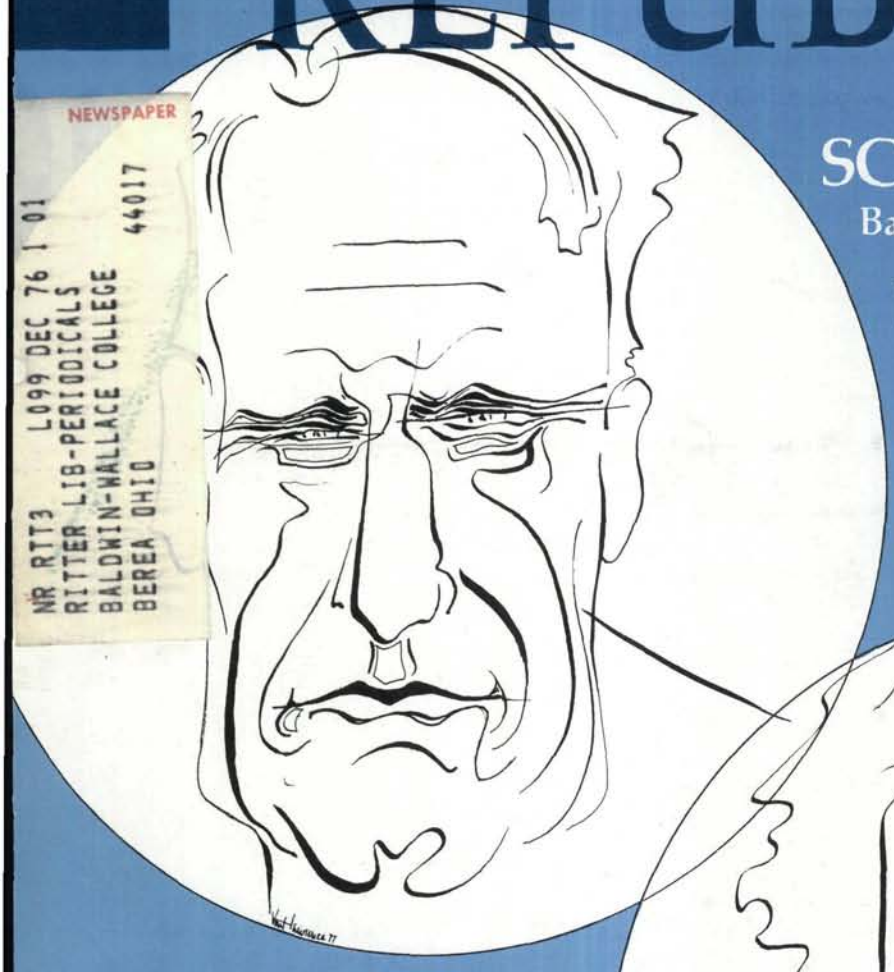

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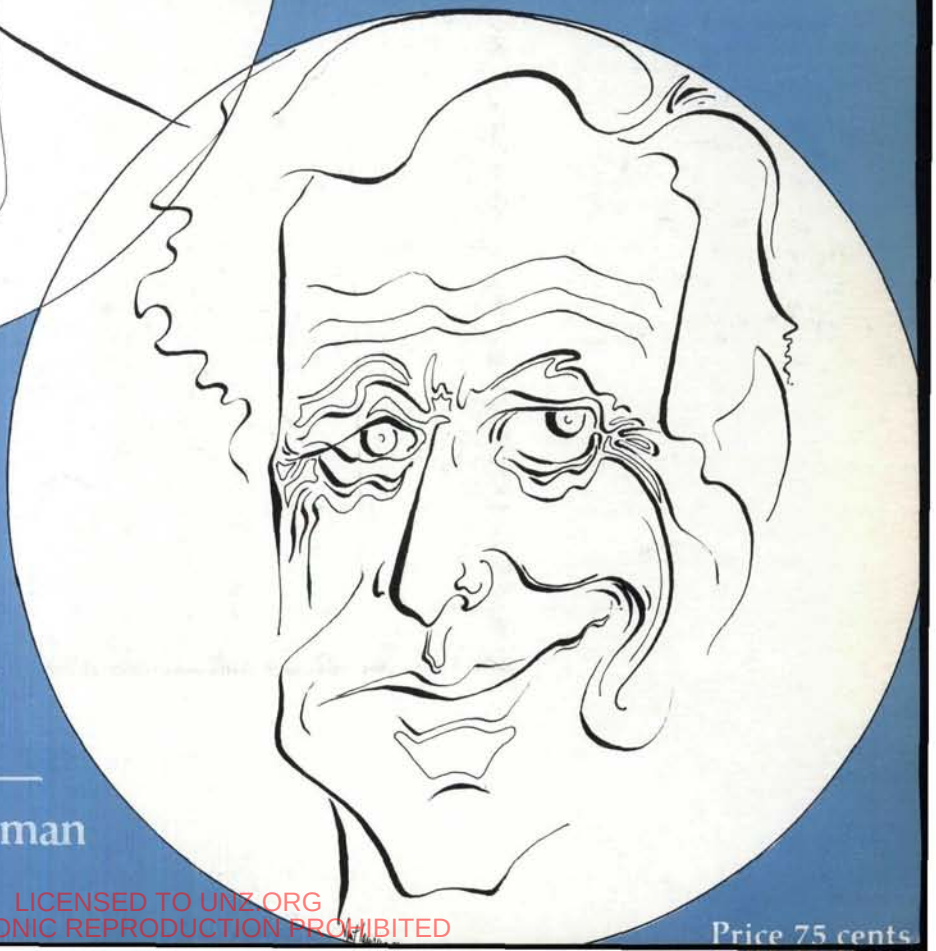

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from Washington
January 29, 1977

Plastic Bag Inaugural

Everything at an Inaugural is larger-than-life: the parade, the oratory, the crowd, the presidential office itself. Everything but the man.

Jimmy Carter is installed now. Can he govern? Some auguries are good. The national mood is hopeful; we aren't at war; the Republican recession (worst since the Republican depression of the '30s) is getting better. The American public watches eagerly, curious, apprehensive. It is willing to believe—no, strike that—it is *yearning* to believe. Jimmy Carter wakened great expectations that he can't fulfill immediately, if at all. Like Kennedy 16 years ago he won by the narrowest majority and, like Kennedy, he is conscious of it. As he starts his you-all, not-just-yet administration, we may expect any day now a magazine article beginning, "He does, too, have a sense of humor." We shall all know who is meant.

Unfamiliarity with the Washington scene is evident everywhere. The Griffin Bell nomination for the Justice Department, the Ted Sorensen choice for the CIA, may or may not have been justified, but anyone here could have known they were predestined to cause explosions; the Carter team did not know this or may have expected a row but not one as big as they got.

These reflections came to us crouched over a pine table in the Inaugural press section trying to keep warm. Each Inaugural has a "first," you know—the first automobile, the first loudspeaker, the first TV broadcast—that kind of thing. For us 1977 was the first plastic garbage bag Inaugural. The Red Cross suggested it. Sixteen years ago we sat shivering to Kennedy's "Ask not" speech with feet buried in a snow drift feeling sorry for George Washington at Valley Forge. This time we snuggled into our comfortable garbage bag with all the body heat trapped in from toes to waist.

One thing Carter has done, he has brought in a new economic team. The story of Jerry Ford could be entitled, "How to manage the economy so as to lose an election." He could hardly have managed to hurt himself more. He and his conservative advisers agreed: keep hands off; veto job and spending bills to prevent inflation, and then private enterprise, not government, will come riding on its white horse to the rescue. A recession as steep as this, it was generally believed, would bring a correspondingly quick recovery. Instead of that it came slowly. Then there was the Mystery of the Ten Billion Dollars. Somehow or other, that amount of money in projected budget expenditures never was spent. The story of the "shortfall" is still unraveled. (It seems to have been in Defense appropriations and will come out in driblets from now on.) At a time when the economy needed a shove it wasn't there. The recovery came to a pause just in the critical months of the 1976 campaign; just when the six billion dollar jobs bill that Ford vetoed last spring might otherwise have been taking effect. Alice Rivlin, director of the Congressional Budget Office, reckoned that the shortfall lowered the rate of growth in Gross National Product by one percent.

The White House team had a fixation on inflation although, as Walter Heller told the Senate last week, the modest fiscal stimulus program "won't come within a country mile of generating excess-demand inflation."

The country is safer, I think, for having the Ford team replaced. James Reston described ex-Treasury Secretary William Simon as an "economic theologian." A rapt look came into his eyes as he expounded his creed. He called the food-stamp program "a well-known haven for chiselers and rip-off artists." He assured the President that New York City's default would be "tolerable and temporary." On the day Mr. Ford issued his farewell economic message last week, Simon had a letter in *The Wall Street Journal*, reproaching that radical organ for dangerous thoughts on funding Social Security.

So far as known Mr. Ford never deviated from his team's way of thinking. His economic message gives the philosophy final expression. He gently chides Americans for "a tendency, born of goodwill and a desire to improve the

(*continued on page 40*)

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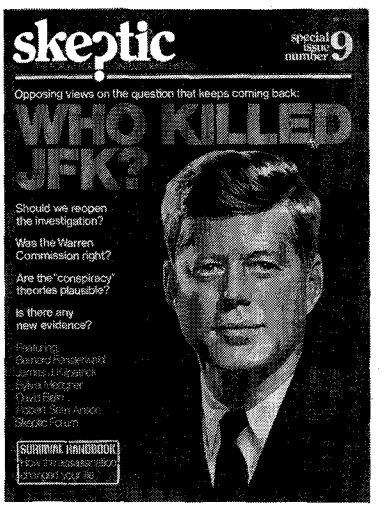
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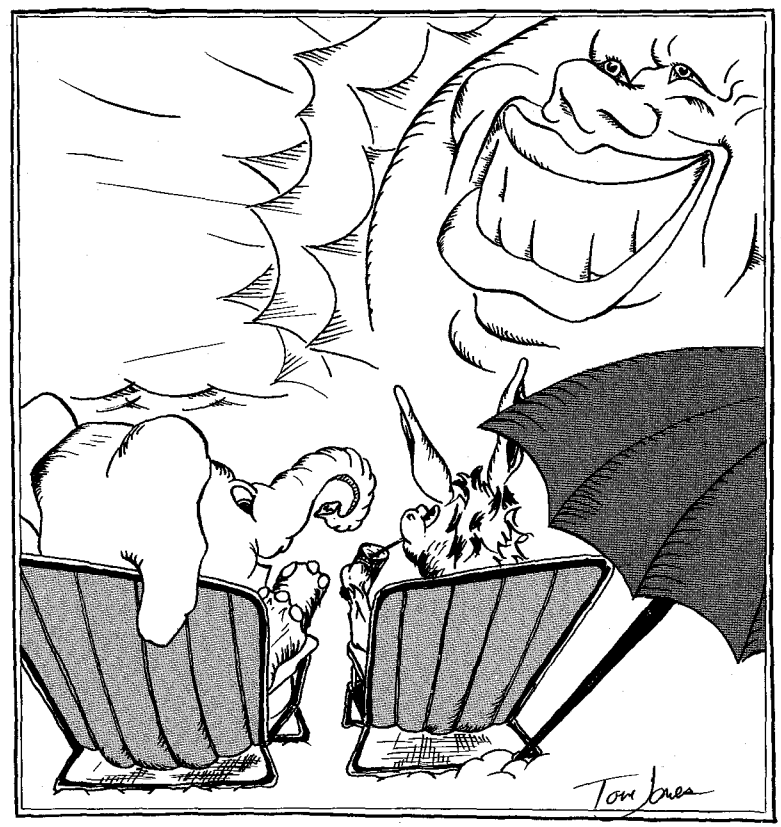
Democracy's Other Component



The inauguration is over, the transfer of power is completed, and the gears of government are re-engaged. It's not too early to ask after the opposition. It never is in a democracy. Usually there are three political constraints on the president: the party out of power, critical elements within the president's own party, and voices for outside constituencies within the executive branch. Partly because of a new set of political realities, and partly through his own decisions during the transition period, Jimmy Carter begins his presidency almost free of these constraints.

The Republican National Committee stole into and out of town the week before the inaugural following two months of fatuous public debate over whether its new party chairman should be a "spokesman" or a "technician." The choice, defeated Sen. William Brock of Tennessee, is suited to be neither. The debate was mainly a beard to hide the opening factional maneuvers aimed at 1980. The GOP still is deeply divided, still reeling and trying to assess the depth of its 1976 losses. At the national level, the election was a purgative, marking the exit of a whole political generation: Nixon, Ford, Rockefeller, Goldwater, Hugh Scott. It may even have finished John Connally off, and that would be a special blessing. The better walk-on roles now go to newer faces like Howard Baker, James Thompson, John Danforth, Richard Lugar, Robert Ray, John Chafee, Orrin Hatch and Malcolm Wallop. Mark these names: you may not know much about these men today, but if the Republican party has a tomorrow, it is surely in their hands.

The party's losses at state and local levels last fall are beyond measure for the moment. Many seats in Congress and in state legislatures, most formerly marginal but some held safely by Republicans for decades, now seem so firmly in Democratic hands that finding good candidates willing to make the challenge may be the Republicans' biggest hurdle in the years ahead.

For those who believe that responsible government is encouraged by genuine competition, by elections where

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the right to govern actually is at issue when the polls open, the continued contraction of the Republican party is dismaying. Across the board, the 1976 results portend a less competitive party system for the immediate future. The presidential contest was close: 53 to 47 percent. But no one pretends that the second figure genuinely reflects Republican strength. It indicates only that in a forced choice at a high enough level of significance—a presidential contest—enough voters will reject the Democratic offering to prop up the Grand Old Party for one more round. Unless the Republicans rebound somewhat in the off-year elections, the only serious test of Jimmy Carter's stewardship in 1980 will have to come from within his own party.

The GOP is very seriously disadvantaged for the Operation Bootstrap it now must contemplate. It has few natural constituencies in which to rebuild partisan commitment, no established mechanism through which to develop policy confrontations with the presidential party, and no spokesman of sufficient stature to do so on his own. Gerald Ford's proposal for a "shadow cabinet" backed up by policy task forces might have been a first step toward creating a useful opposition role for the opposition party, but the idea was summarily shunted aside. In part, the dilemma is inherited, deriving from the absence of a tradition of coherent political opposition in America. Even though there is only one real alternative at each election—when the Democrats are in, it's the Republicans and *only* the Republicans—the out-party in this country never has systematically shouldered the responsibility of developing an alternative government. Instead the party out of power becomes a terrain to be fought over, its centers of influence widely dispersed: a few promising senators, some attractive faces among the governors, in some instances a carried-over titular leader. But there is no institutional means in either party to assemble the scattered leadership elements and frame alternatives to the incumbent in a programmatic or philosophical way. There is no voice of the opposition; that is a price we pay for the theory attributing our political greatness to the inchoate factions that organize themselves once each four years in pursuit of the right to govern.

The Republican party, said Mary Louise Smith, its departing chairwoman, is like "a dying patient in a hushed hospital room suffering from a deadly mix of ills. The only thing that will really make a difference is an infusion of new blood, new ideas and a renewed will to live." And, with that, Mary Louise Smith resigned, said goodbye, and went home to Iowa. The party is now officially in Brock's receivership. Whether he'll be able to make it politically solvent is yet to be seen.

There are many who believe that Carter won because he was the only moderate Republican running in either party. His opening gestures suggest that he intends to govern in the same mold. If that turns out to be the case, it would be reasonable that Carter's most serious problems come from within his own party. Ultimately that may be the case, but right now, there has been no quarreling with the new President, except for the brief, bipartisan Sorensen skirmish.

The Senate is inclined to set aside its skepticism and go along with Carter's cabinet appointments, on the ground that a new president is entitled to name his own team. Consider Birch Bayh, who had the opportunity a few days before the inauguration to question Attorney General-designate Griffin Bell. A year ago when Bayh was pursuing the job that Carter won, his chief claim to the post was his leadership in opposing the Haynesworth and Carswell Supreme Court nominations. Bayh might once have been expected to declare his opposition to Griffin Bell on the strength of what was known at the time Bell's appointment was announced—his defense of Carswell, his membership in restrictive clubs, his role "as a lawyer" (which is how Bell likes to have it put) in preserving school segregation in Georgia. But after some perfunctory sparring before the television cameras at the Judiciary Committee hearings, Bayh backed off and made national network news by echoing Carter's hope that Bell will be a "great" attorney general. Ted Kennedy seemed to defer because his brother once had made Bell a judge.

The Democrats in Congress can also be expected to swallow most of Carter's legislative proposals, even those that conflict with their own campaign pledges. Most of them ran ahead of Carter in their home districts last year, but open opposition to Carter would only help fashion an albatross for the mid-term elections. One freshman congressman said, "We want this administration to work so it doesn't become a liability for us."

Jimmy Carter is not a president *of* the Democratic party. This fact now is clear to Washington. It always has been clear to Carter himself. It was conventional wisdom during the campaign that the new campaign-financing laws—providing for federal matching funds in the primaries and full public subsidies for the general election—substantially relieved the candidates of their normal indebtedness to various ideological and special interests. The Democratic party's own reforms may have increased accountability over the long run by making presidential nominations more accessible to rank and file influence; but they also enabled Carter to win the nomination without establishing any strong base within his own party and often without committing himself on the party's main issues. After the nomination, Carter automatically inherited the support of the traditional Democratic base. Ford was rightly no option for Democrats. All the while, their candidate, the nominee, the president-elect was incurring obligations only to his own earliest supporters. Now he is floating free of the normal constraints of his party, the constituencies to which

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Correspondence

Mr. Zbig

To the editors:

I have greatly benefited from the penetrating examinations of Messrs. Vance and Brzezinski by Suetonius. However, for the sake of justice, I feel a few comments are in order with regard to the latter.

I have no real dispute with Suetonius's assessment of the man and his strong ambition—but in this respect Zbig is certainly no different from Henry Kissinger. Each has been propelled to power through the patronage of a Rockefeller (thereby giving a measure of credence to the standard Soviet line that it is the Rockefellers and other "monopolists" who really run the United States). However, as a student of Soviet affairs who actually took one lecture course with Brzezinski at Columbia, I feel much of Suetonius's assessment of his intellectual output can only be termed a hatchet job.

In particular, Suetonius claims Brzezinski wrote about ideology in Eastern Europe at a time when its importance was already waning. Yet *The Soviet Bloc*—in addition to being a masterful piece of historical analysis—deals with the role of ideology in determining Soviet policy *toward* Eastern Europe, a perspective still relevant if one considers the not-so-far-off invasion of Czechoslovakia and Moscow's fearful attitude toward the phenomenon of "Eurocommunism."

Even more distorted is Suetonius's appraisal of the comparative study *Political Power USA/USSR*. This book was *not* an exposition of the then-popular convergence theory, but precisely the opposite. While highlighting certain undeniable similarities between the two systems, the book's final conclusion was that "the evolution of the two systems, but not their convergence, seems to be the undramatic pattern for the future." To quote further, Brzezinski and Huntington wrote: "The theory of convergence . . . minimizes or ignores the totality of the Russian and American historical experience—political, social, and economic—and exaggerates the importance of one factor alone" (the imperatives of industrialization). Having been written before the fall of Khruschev, *Political Power USA/USSR* offered a remarkably prescient forecast of developments of the last decade—the evolution of the Soviet Union into an even more traditional, conservative society, one more Russian than communist.

Brzezinski's efforts outside the Soviet area are admittedly weaker, and his perception of the world may be "flawed" (whose isn't?). But I somehow feel safer with the more open-minded Brzezinski than with the doctrinaire, conspiratorial Kissinger. And Carter could have picked worse, as he has certainly done elsewhere.

Alexander R. Vershbow
Council on Foreign Relations
New York, New York

Good Riddance

To the editors:

Your lead editorial, "Good Riddance," (*TNR*, Jan. 15) violated the standards you have set for your magazine and the tradition for which *The New Republic* stands.

The editorial was outrageous, intemperate and completely lacking in grace.

Surely, your editorial writer knows the difference between a Ford and a Nixon, between a Rockefeller and an Agnew, between a Richardson and a Mitchell.

The editorial does a disservice to you and to your readers.

Ron Nessen
The White House
Washington, DC

(**Correspondence** *continued on page 39*)

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most public officials ultimately must respond even between elections.

Some hints about how Carter intends to govern may be drawn from how he ran. After his highly publicized post-convention meetings with the Catholic bishops and the AFL-CIO hierarchy, Carter instructed his staff to avoid further confrontations with special pleaders. He had run successfully as an outsider, he said, and meeting with political brokers of whatever stripe as complicating his imagery. Shortly thereafter he told a labor convention, "I owe the special interests—nothing." Carter's cabinet choices confirm that he still holds that view. This sounds benign, even desirable, but can be made to appear otherwise; perhaps Carter has concluded that one way to keep the opposition quiet is to keep it stranded.

Jimmy Carter is a president with few strings attached. In appointing his first cabinet, the new president systematically set the competing claims of one special interest against another and then ignored them all. He has assembled an administration in which, with the exception of Andrew Young, no member at the top level has a strong personal constituency on which to draw when the shrapnel begins to get heavy. The appointment of Patricia Roberts Harris for example: a black, female, Washington establishment lawyer, truly a package of the times, is viewed skeptically by women, blacks, municipal officials and real estate interests—an unusual coalition which will not much lament her departure if her stewardship at HUD becomes a liability for the administration. There is no Paul Warnke at State, no James Schlesinger at Defense, no John Dunlop at Labor, no Leonard Woodcock at HEW. Whatever you think of each of these men, they all had support outside the government that would have given them leeway for initiative inside. That was their biggest liability. Indeed, the most distinguishing feature of Jimmy Carter's cabinet may be that it is the easiest to dispose of in recent memory. And the threat of quitting won't give any of them much leverage either.

So, to the case of Sorensen: when the man ran into opposition from the agency he was designated to head and its innumerable allies around Washington, he was straightaway dispatched. The evolving myth on this one is that Jimmy Carter backed and lost a nominee he genuinely wanted; but at the same time CIA Director-designate Sorensen was insisting he had Carter's full support, and Carter himself was pledging what sounded like 1000-percent backing, reporters in Georgia were getting their first signs that, yes, withdrawal of the nomination was a possibility.

Sorensen would not have been our first choice for CIA, or our second. But he was destroyed on account of his more decent impulses, which Carter would not risk defending. Contrast Carter's fidelity to Griffin Bell's worst ones.

We are not in an era of feisty cabinets and Carter's chosen are suited to the times; their cumulative public record, so far as they have one, is that of going along. And because each member serves only at Carter's sufferance, this cabinet is not likely to be an aggressive bunch of outspoken self-starters. There's no Harold Ickes in the room, there's not even a John Gardner or a Wally Hickel. The old maxim that it's always easier to hire than it is to fire a cabinet member applies with precious little force to this group. And that insures, as well as anything can, against any vigorous rocking from inside the boat.

COMING

Carter's economy *vs.* Ford's:
sorry, no change—
by Melville J. Ulmer

The Floodgates Are Not Open
After Gilmore

Gary Mark Gilmore got his way: he has been shot dead. His financial heirs soon will know what it is worth to be beneficiaries of Gilmore's really eccentric choice. The more bizarre his case became, the higher the return for re-telling the story commercially seemed sure to go. If that formula proves out, the return could be very high: Despite warnings that the floodgates now have opened, Gilmore's case may turn out to be truly rare, perhaps unique.

Gilmore died last week only because he wanted to. Questions of law were largely responsible for the moratorium on the death penalty that continued from July 2, 1967, to last Monday. Not all of those questions have been answered. Gilmore's death settled two: is capital punishment to be available at all, and may a condemned prisoner opt for early execution? The Supreme Court said "yes" to those questions, and the shooting of Gilmore turned those answers into fact.

When the court last summer ruled that death was a constitutional penalty for first-degree murder, it seemed realistic to expect that a number of murderers would be executed within just a few months. That did

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not happen. Of the 350-plus inmates under death sentence, only one besides Gilmore, Robert White in Texas, has said he is ready to die for his crime. The others apparently want to fight to stay alive, and the Supreme Court has left them and their lawyers with a wide array of legal defenses yet to be tested.

The Supreme Court, far from being ready to sanction wholesale executions, appears to be growing more cautious about the matter. Even in Gilmore's case, the justices postponed his execution date to take a last look at an apparently frivolous legal maneuver attempted on behalf of his mother.

The court has not moved with undue speed even to get where it has so far with this issue. The nation was preoccupied with Gary Gilmore for two-and-a-half months, but the Supreme Court has been worrying over the capital punishment issue for years. It was more than two years ago that the court first declared its willingness to decide—once and for all—whether death sentences could *ever* be carried out. When it finally ruled on that question last July 2, the court gave its approval of death sentences only for those convicted of murder. It declared, moreover, that there should be no automatic death sentences—the procedures had to be geared to insure that the sentence fit the particular individual and the particular crime. No one could be executed right away under that ruling because Justice Lewis F. Powell Jr. postponed its effectiveness until the court could dispose of requests to reconsider. It turned those down on October 4. Supposedly, at least three states—Florida, Georgia and Texas—then were free to start executing inmates. Since then, however, each of those states has learned that the July decisions did not free them in fact:

- The Supreme Court has shown deep concern about the way Florida's death sentencing procedure works in actual practice. Justice Potter Stewart even has wondered aloud whether the court was misled into its favorable ruling on the Florida law.
- The court has raised doubts about the validity of jury selection methods for capital cases in Georgia.
- The court has refused to let that Texas inmate die even though he says he is ready to do so. Ignoring Robert White's plea that his scheduled execution be allowed to occur, the court postponed it until White's lawyer could file an appeal that the inmate opposes.

The court's five-to-four ruling on December 13 in Gilmore's case did not legally affect the likelihood of execution of any other inmate. Three of the justices indicated, and a fourth hinted, that they will insist that state supreme courts review the constitutionality of their states' capital punishment laws before any further death sentences can be carried out. These same four justices—Harry A. Blackmun, William J. Brennan Jr., Thurgood Marshall and Byron R. White—also said or implied that they will require state supreme courts to review every single death sentence that is imposed.

Four justices do not make a majority, but they do make a bloc large enough to grant review of any case brought to the court. Thus, their attitudes have to be taken into account in assessing how far states may go to impose death sentences in practice. No doubt, lawyers for inmates who do not want to die will be aiming appeals at those four. Any agreement to review a case, of course, postpones an execution for months, at least.

A fifth justice, Stewart, has shown, by his reaction to Florida's experience with its death penalty law, that he probably would go along with a requirement that every death sentence be reviewed by a state supreme court at least where the inmate, unlike Gilmore, would rather live. And a sixth justice, Powell, has demonstrated that he is a particularly cautious member of the court when it comes to actual executions. Several times, he has postponed execution dates in cases coming from his circuit, the Deep South. (Southern judges seem more prepared than others to schedule early execution dates.)

There are other indications, too, that the court as a whole wants to move only one step at a time on capital punishment. It has agreed to decide whether death sentences may be imposed for rape—an issue left open by its July ruling. It has also agreed to decide something that it seemed to have settled in July: whether death sentences *can* be automatic in murder cases where the victim is a police officer.

Even as the Supreme Court slowly works its way through the death penalty issue, state courts will be playing with it, too. Some are sure to strike down capital punishment laws, as courts in California, Delaware, Maryland, Mississippi, New Mexico and South Carolina have. Similar rulings may be forthcoming in such other states as Arkansas, Idaho, Indiana, Missouri, Tennessee and Wyoming. Furthermore, if the right test case comes along in Utah, that state's law, too, may be voided.

The reasons for all this caution are not strictly legal. The ethical and political climate that helped maintain the moratorium on executions after 1967 might not vanish merely because Gilmore is dead. Death by execution has become almost an abstraction with the passing of nearly a decade. The political and legal officers who demand it, the public polls that seem to favor it and the jurors who impose it, all have had little reason—until very recently—to believe that death sentences ever would really be carried out again. Now that prospect must be faced, for the first time, as a reality.

If there remains any softness or doubt in the commitment to using capital punishment as society's ultimate answer to the gravest crimes, the *circumstances* of executions may become significant, perhaps adding to the felt need for caution. The manner in which the Gilmore case moved toward his date with the firing

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squad apparently has begun to stir some latent doubts. Attorney General Edward H. Levi made the point in a recent television interview. Although he is known to favor capital punishment for "heinous crimes," Levi remarked, "I'm certainly not in favor of a death penalty in the United States if we're going to have a flamboyant, macabre bazaar every time an execution is scheduled." The circumstances of the Gilmore case, he went on, suggest either that the American people "as a community" do not really accept the death penalty, or that they accept it "in its worst features."

The Gilmore episode was indeed macabre. After the Gilmore precedent, future executions are not likely to be carried out with any more taste or quiet dignity. For example, a federal judge in Dallas has declared that executions in that state should be open to televison coverage—a ruling that led to a new complaint to the Supreme Court that capital punishment is "indecent."

Of course, it is possible that if there is a series of executions following Gilmore's they may come to be treated as routine. But the nation's rapt attention to Gilmore's tortured progress toward execution proved that, even in 1977, an execution still draws a crowd.

The conventional view now seems to be that once one execution has occurred, the moral and ethical restraints that have abided during the moratorium will have been overcome, at least for the moment, and the apparent majority in favor of restoring the death penalty will have its way. Moreover, it is said, once a single prisoner has been put to death, the political restraint certainly will have been weakened. Governors, legislators, prosecutors and police have been eager to have the death penalty restored, but no state's officials have been yearning to have the first execution in their jurisdiction. The nation, however, has been treated to a spectacle in the Gilmore case, and the experience may be causing some second thoughts.

Lyle Denniston

Lyle Denniston is the Supreme Court reporter for *The Washington Star.*

White House Watch

Staffing Up

The last of Gerald and Betty Ford's possessions to be removed from the White House was the double bed they shared when he was a congressman and after he became the nation's first appointed President. He ordered that it remain in the executive mansion over the last night of his presidency and that it be dismantled and trucked to Andrews Air Force Base on Jimmy Carter's inaugural morning. Then the bed was put aboard the Boeing jet that is Air Force One when Presidents fly in it but was just plain old Special Mission aircraft number 26000 when it bore ex-President and Mrs. Ford to California and retirement.

During the final days of the Ford presidency, announced and prospective Carter appointees roamed the West and East office wings of the White House and the nearby Old and New Executive Office Buildings, looking over the quarters that would soon be theirs . By noon of inaugural day many of those offices were empty, awaiting the newcomers and vacated by Ford assistants and secretaries who couldn't bear the pain of presence at the takeover. The change was especially hard on the White House secretaries, a few of whom had to be literally ordered to report to work on January 20 so that at least minimal service could be provided the new people. A very few—among them Constance Gerrard, executive assistant to Press Secretary Ron Nessen, and Eleanor Connors, assistant to outgoing Cabinet and Staff Secretary James E. Connor—had been asked to join the Carter staff. Gerrard is to work for Deputy Press Secretary Walter Wurfel, Connors for Hamilton Jordan, the senior assistant who still refuses to style himself or let others style him Carter's chief of staff.

The naming of 11 Carter assistants and most of the 18 people who will be on Rosalynn Carter's immediate staff cleared up some though by no means all of the fog shrouding the new White House structure. The manner of announcing the presidential 11 was a mite deceptive. Along with previously designated Press Secretary Jody Powell, they were supposed to constitute a senior staff of coequals including two women, one of whom is black. Jimmy Carter's inner staff consists of five men, three of them lawyers, all of them white and all of them from Georgia. They are Jordan (pronounced jerdan), cabinet secretary and assistant Jack H. Watson, Jr., Counsel Robert Lipshutz, assistant for domestic affairs Stuart Eizenstat, and Jody Powell. One of the women, 44-year-old Vice Mayor Margaret Costanza of Rochester, New York, has the full rank of assistant to the President (rather than the lower status of special or staff assistant). She is to head a small staff handling the President's liaison with various interest groups and arranging appearances by Carter before such groups. The equivalent work was done for Gerald Ford by a male special assistant and 10 other professional staffers, plus 10 secretaries. The other woman, 36-year-old Martha Mitchell, is a black Indianan who has specialized in drug abuse prevention and will be President Carter's "special assistant for special projects," whatever that may mean.

Nominally because at 56 he is the oldest of the inner five, but actually to sustain the illusion of coequality and especially to avoid the appearance of putting Hamilton Jordan over Powell, Watson and Eizenstat,

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Counsel Lipshutz is to preside over the daily senior staff meetings. Back when Presidents Nixon and Ford didn't feel constrained to deny that they had a chief of staff, Alexander Haig, Donald Rumsfeld and finally Richard Cheney presided and made no bones about running the whole White House show. There was something at once pathetic and ludicrous about Jody Powell's revival of a familiar presidential metaphor, the thing about spokes in a wheel. That's what the senior assistants to President Carter will resemble, Powell said, all with ready access to him and reporting directly to him instead of through a surrogate "chief." President Ford indulged the same fancy for a few weeks and then quietly buried it, having concluded as Jimmy Carter predictably will that somebody on his staff must at least monitor the White House operation for him if he's to have time for the essentials of any presidency. It need not be true, as Powell keeps insisting it has to be, that an effective staff chief inevitably excludes others from the President. Bob Haldeman and Alexander Haig did that for Richard Nixon, true enough. Haig, Rumsfeld and Cheney protected Gerald Ford from unnecessary intrusion, but he never let them isolate him from others to anything like the extent that Nixon wanted to be and was isolated.

The designation of Jack Watson as both cabinet secretary and assistant to the President for intergovernmental relations is an interesting change from past practice. Jim Connor, the departed cabinet and staff secretary, told Watson and other Carter planners that a cabinet secretary never amounts to much if that is his sole title and function. This fundamentally is because for many years cabinets have not been collegial, decision-making bodies in the British sense. They are at best discussion groups and were used very little for even that by Presidents Nixon and Ford. Jimmy Carter has emphasized his determination to rely upon the department heads in his cabinet to run their departments, but he has never discussed his conception of the cabinet *as a cabinet*. One of Watson's tasks will be to organize "clusters" of cabinet members with related interests and responsibilities—State, Defense, the CIA and on occasion Treasury make an obvious cluster—and set their heads or top subordinates to work on specific issues and problems. Richard Nixon did the same thing in his first years, except that he called his clusters cabinet committees. It worked fairly well, especially on the domestic side, until Nixon abandoned the technique after his reelection in 1972. Jim Connor's additional and strengthening function was that of staff secretary. In this capacity he was in effect the top White House manager and also controller of the flow of official paper to and from the president. A lot of inner-circle scrambling, thinking and friction preceded the decision to make Watson assistant for intergovernmental relations, meaning presidential dealings with state, municipal and county governments. Vice Presidents Agnew, Ford and Rockefeller had that responsibility but were neither happy nor effective with it. The function under Ford eventually passed to his Domestic Council staff. Whether to have a staff secretary and who is to manage and monitor the presidential paper flow for Carter were among the many things, some of them extremely important, that had not been decided the day before the inauguration.

An important decision that the President-elect made very late—he made all the important ones, mostly late—was that his assistant for domestic affairs, Stuart Eizenstat, should have his own staff within the White House and not have to rely, as was seriously proposed, upon assistants assigned to him in the various domestic departments. He's to have under his immediate command and working with him either in the West Wing or in the adjacent Old Executive Office Building a deputy, six to eight high-rated professional helpers, and perhaps six junior professionals such as young lawyers and specialists. With some 15 secretaries and other supporting help, he'll have a staff of around 30, about 20 fewer than the Ford Domestic Council staff. The council, composed mainly of cabinet members, eventually will be abolished as part of a major reorganization of the entire Executive Office of the President soon after (and of course if) President Carter gets the reorganization authority he wants from Congress.

Rosalynn Carter's staff will differ in structure and purpose from that of previous First Ladies and will appear to be a little smaller than Mrs. Ford's staff. The reduction from 23 to 18 is being accomplished in part by transferring the staff of 10 which has handled the First Lady's voluminous correspondence to the President's correspondence staff of 40, with the thought of reducing the number specifically assigned to Mrs. Carter's mail to perhaps three or four. The so-called "social-entertainment" staff of seven persons, including four skilled calligraphers, is to be transferred from the First Lady's office to a presidential office. It's a logical move, suggested to Mrs. Carter's press secretary and staff director, Mary Hoyt, by Mrs. Ford's outgoing Sheila Weidenfeld, because these people deal with the President's as well as the First Lady's social requirements. Mrs. Carter's overall staff is to be much more functional than its predecessors have been. It will be charged with a wide range of public projects and particularly with implementing Mrs. Carter's special interest in mental retardation. Moving the correspondence and social-entertainment folks out of her section of the East Wing opens space for an office and a conference room for her and offices for project-oriented assistants on her staff.

The correspondence and social-entertainment people are among some 240 employees in the White House "operating offices." They handle travel arrangements for the White House press corps and arrange commercial travel for White House assistants; cope with an

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average inflow of 25,000 letters per week to the President and replies on his behalf; staff what may well be the world's most efficient telephone room; usher visitors around the West Wing offices of senior assistants and do the typing, printing and distribution (as distinct from the drafting) of presidential communications and other documents. They think of themselves as permanent, career employees with full job protection. Actually most of them are not career employees, they have neither civil service status nor civil service protection, and a new President could fire nearly all of them out of hand if he wished. The new President and his managers have no such intention, but they have taken a hard look at the total number of such employees and may reduce it somewhat.

A service element that the Carter people took a very hard look at is the fleet of 27 White House sedans and three Secret Service limousines assigned to the President, the Vice President and the President's staff. Jimmy Carter has made noises to the effect that he intends to get rid of some of the office's trappings, limousines included, but on the day before his inauguration the Secret Service had not been told to dump the armored limousines. The number and uses of the White House sedans are to be sharply curtailed. They are leased Chryslers and many of them will be returned to the leasing company. The sedan drivers are army personnel and many of them will be returned to military duty. The morning pickups at home and return home at night that 10 Ford assistants on the fleet's "A list" have enjoyed were abolished as of January 20; all Carter assistants, however senior, will have to get themselves to and from work. Use of the sedans on call, long restricted in principle though not always in fact to legitimate business trips, is to be cut back.

Chief Executive Clerk Robert Linder, one of the theoretically tenured career people, recently was told that the new President wishes to sign presidential documents "Jimmy Carter" rather than the formal and legal James Carter or James Earl Carter, Jr. Linder researched the point and sent word to Jimmy Carter that he can sign in any way he pleases.

John Osborne

James Schlesinger
Back Again

James Schlesinger, our czar of oil, gas, nuclear and other energies, is a lesson in upward mobility. He began his career in the Nixon administration in 1969 as a second-rung functionary in what was then the gritty Bureau of the Budget. As one departing cabinet aide put it, he began as a mere "pissant." This aide, who watched the squabbles of the Nixon and Ford administrations from a central perch, also called Schlesinger "brilliant. . .unpredictable. . .chameleon-like" and "humorless about himself." During Schlesinger's term there, the Budget Bureau was reorganized into the more powerful Office of Management and Budget. After that, Schlesinger moved on to become successively chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, director of the CIA and finally Secretary of Defense. He is the only member of Nixon's or Ford's cabinet who was asked to join Jimmy Carter in the Democratic White House. His chief rival and only real competitor in recent years—Henry Kissinger—will leave the field as Schlesinger steps in.

That is a reversal of what happened over Halloween weekend in 1975, when President Ford fired Schlesinger from the cabinet and asked Kissinger to stay on. The "Halloween Massacre," as the press called it, was Ford's way of removing the Nixon-era staff whom he no longer wanted and replacing them with his own guys. Schlesinger decidedly was not one of the guys. His ill-concealed scorn for Ford and Ford's entourage soured his relations with the White House and other cabinet members. Schlesinger had been engaged in a running dispute with the secretary of State all through 1975 over his alleged mishandling of SALT negotiations, detente with the USSR, the Middle East talks and weapons sales. Kissinger was not sorry to see Schlesinger leave, and Schlesinger told *The New York Times* afterward that their differences had been a "major cause" of his dismissal. That was an exaggeration. The root cause was Schlesinger's incompatibility with the President and his guys. But now that that election has passed, Schlesinger is still around and they are gone.

Schlesinger's quick rise under the Republicans and his survival into the new administration are not a tribute to the "brilliance" that everyone mentions when speaking of him, but to his acute political sense and dogged ambition. It is true that he is comfortable talking about abstract ideas, more so than the average Nixon or Ford appointee. No one who directed the Rand Corporation's division of strategic studies, as Schlesinger did in the mid-'60s, could be uncomfortable with large concepts. But he has a talent that many tank-thinkers do not have: he can apply these principles in the living world. (After all, his academic specialty was the laws that govern bureaucracies in combat.) His worldly skills are sometimes referred to as his "practical sense," or his appreciation of detail. It explains why he once was considered a pissant. One former Kissinger aide told Les Gelb of *The New York Times* "Neither Henry nor I in the first years thought Schlesinger was a man to be taken seriously. Given Jim's turn of mind, his interest in the technical rather than policy issues, we thought he had an instinct for the capillaries." Schlesinger must have learned on the job.

Schlesinger is an able player at office politics. He does

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well in the struggles that are fought out in institutions, not between blocs of voters but between established interests and their agents. He is prudent. He knows when to lunge and when to wait, when and how to get the right kind of attention. In an administration of extroverts willing to carry their policy brawls into the street, his ascent would not have been so rapid.

During the Nixon years, Schlesinger cultivated his relative eccentricity to good effect. His pipe-smoking and dishevelled appearance earned him one of those labels that are useful to the press: he became the "professorial" James Schlesinger. It made him visible. Reporters also learned that he was a devoted birdwatcher, having personally spotted and logged 600 varieties, a very large number for someone as busy as he is supposed to be. Probably his best known performance for the press took place when environmentalists and anti-nuclear groups tried to block the test explosion of a bomb near Amchitka Island in Alaska. They said the test could cause an earthquake, and they asked for a delay. Schlesinger, then head of the Atomic Energy Commission, rejected the request, and, to lend a touch of drama to his decision, gathered up his family and stayed on Amchitka while the bomb went off.

The image that endures is not that of the eccentric professor, but of Schlesinger the tough guy. That is undoubtedly as he would like it. The origin of this image, as recorded in the press, was in Schlesinger's earliest work at the White House. Nixon at first was put off by Schlesinger's arrogant manner, but he took a liking to Schlesinger after reading his 1970 report on the CIA. Schlesinger said that the work of CIA analysts had become flabby, like "British essays"—too much argument and not enough facts. The result, he believed, was that the CIA was uncritically repeating old logic and failing to register the evidence of an accumulating Soviet weapons reserve. That was when he began to drum out his warnings about the West's military complacence, a theme that faded out during his time at the AEC and CIA, but resounded with new urgency when he became the secretary of Defense in 1973.

He kept at it through the decline and fall of Richard Nixon and on into the Ford regime, until his dismissal. Then, during the campaign, he peddled his message to the candidates on the right wings of the Republican and Democratic parties—Ronald Reagan and Sen. Henry Jackson. When they were knocked out of the running, he turned to Jimmy Carter, briefing him thoroughly on the arguments that could be used against the Kissinger-Ford approach to foreign policy. Carter was immensely grateful for the help (he did much better in the foreign policy debate than he had done on domestic issues), and formed what seemed an almost childlike admiration for Schlesinger. They have been close since then.

There may be another reason why the two get along so well. Like Carter, Schlesinger is a devout man and a believer in the revealed Truth of the Bible. Though he was raised and bar mitzvahed as a Jew, Schlesinger had a deeply affecting experience as a young man that caused him to convert to Lutheranism. A former colleague who was with him at the University of Virginia in the early 1960s said that Schlesinger believed himself to be from time to time "in contact with the God Almighty," and that on these occasions Schlesinger believed he was given "the truth from the basic source." This insight wasn't offered in a deprecating way, but merely as fact. According to this academic, who would not let himself be named, Schlesinger believed then and undoubtedly still believes that he has been called personally by God to serve a high cause. This belief did nothing to temper what even 14 years ago was a powerful ego. Schlesinger has made himself unavailable to the press in the last few weeks, and could not be queried about this.

Schlesinger's most outspoken critics—aside from competitors in professional life like the man quoted above—are the environmental and antiwar lobbyists. When it was first bruited that Schlesinger might become secretary of Defense under Carter, the antiwar groups signalled an alert to their constituents and snowed the President-elect with messages of concern. Schlesinger did not get a place in the defense establishment.

Then the environmentalists became upset when they learned that Schlesinger had suddenly become a top candidate for Carter's energy czardom. They distrust Schlesinger, they say, because as chairman of the AEC he endorsed a project that is anathema to them—the plutonium-based nuclear reactor system. They found his methods suspect, too: he sought to "streamline" nuclear plant licensing by doing away with adjudicatory hearings and replacing them with simple legislative hearings in which the public cannot cross-examine the government. These and other complaints moved many environmentalists to write letters to Carter in mid-December, reminding the President-elect of his promise to make nuclear power the "last resort" among energy sources and urging that Schlesinger not be named.

The environmentalists had not seen Schlesinger's name on any of the candidate lists prepared by the "energy cluster" in Carter's transition offices in Washington, DC, and they were taken by surprise when word of Carter's intention to make him the energy chief came out. They were surprised again when their own choice—David Freeman, director of the Ford Foundation's energy study and an advocate of

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strict conservation policies—abruptly announced that he thought Schlesinger would be an excellent choice for the job.

In December, Carter met in Plains with representatives of six environmental groups to assuage their fears. He solemnly pledged that his energy czar, still unnamed, would be bound to keep the campaign promise to deemphasize nuclear power. Some of the environmentalists were satisfied; others continued to grumble. When it later became clear the Carter was determined to put Schlesinger in charge of energy, most of the rest softened their criticism. (The Nader lobby was an exception.) Finally on January 12, Schlesinger met with some environmentalists himself to let them know that he intended to impose strong conservation measures before deciding to increase or decrease support for nuclear power, and that he would continue to listen to their advice.

Tony Roisman, a lawyer who represented the Sierra Club and other groups in major anti-nuclear suits, attended the meeting and came away pleased. He said last week, "Schlesinger is ready to do what all the best people on conservation have recommended . . . He was perfectly willing to have us point out where we disagreed . . . . You must realize that we're like kids in a candy store after the Ford administration, when they wouldn't even talk to us."

Eliot Marshall

W. Michael Blumenthal
He Met a Payroll

Insouciantly puffing a long dark cigar, he wore the small smile of superiority through his confirmation hearings before the Senate Finance Committee. And why not? He could afford to be smug against the likes of Russell Long, that fleshy, pallid imitation of Huey. (What a homey little token of our plight: 40 years after the Kingfish, whose squalid ambition was to make a national slogan of "share the wealth," his boy Russell could give the new Democratic Secretary of the Treasury no more urgent advice than to simplify the 1040 tax form.) Michael Blumenthal will look good inside the Carter regime as well, and for the same reasons. Amid the banal, somewhat tarnished men in the other cabinet positions, he is personally the most interesting and bureaucratically the most adept. His talents will bring to the new administration some genuine distinction—and a genuine threat.

At 51 he has the cratered countenance, the hidden hard edges of a survivor, which is just what he is. While Jimmy Carter was bagging peanuts for pocket money in bucolic Plains, while Vance and Brown were prepping in the Bronx and Connecticut, Blumenthal was a child, and a Jew, in Nazi Germany, watching his mother sell their possessions to bargain-hunting Aryan friends in order to ransom his father out of a concentration camp. Because they were relatively prosperous merchants to begin with, and because they were lucky, the family escaped together by buying their way out. But they only got as far as Japanese-held Shanghai. Blumenthal spent the war and his adolescence there, living a too-real Terry-and-the-Pirates existence in the perimeter internment of the foreign colony. A wretched backwater governed by a sullen, thoroughly corrupt occupation machine, it was a world of deprivation, violence and uncertainty requiring sheer street resourcefulness the rest of us can only guess at. Blumenthal improvised a succession of jobs and schemes to pull the family through. Later, long safe in the refuge of an American corporate or government office, he described it all to interviewers with an almost detached, comic tone, parodying the people and the rites of self-preservation. Blumenthal is the only cabinet officer in recent memory who recalls the circumstances of his youth as "that cesspool."

After more scrambling, Blumenthal got a US visa in 1947 and promptly began another series of odd and inventive jobs that helped him through college in California and on to a PhD from Princeton in 1956. The next year he impatiently left an academic appointment at Princeton to become a vice president of a company called Crown Cork International. He stayed there through an undistinguished period of corporate in-fighting until 1961, when old Princeton contacts recruited him to be a deputy assistant secretary of State for economic affairs in the Kennedy administration. As for so many in the Carter cabinet, of course, that first obscure job in the '60s was the critical and necessary establishment apprenticeship. Blumenthal's apprenticeship was all the more important for being all the more obscure. In State's stepchild economic bureau, he half inherited, half sought out those messy, undiplomatic subjects like commodity prices and tariff concessions that the rest of the best and the brightest scarcely deigned to be aware of. It was still a time when international economics was thought to take care of itself, superintended by dull career civil servants in Treasury and Commerce. Remarkably bright, a well-trained economist who clearly relished the subject, Blumenthal swiftly positioned himself prominently between the gray bureaucracy and the distracted glamor boys.

In 1963 Blumenthal was appointed to head the US Delegation to the Kennedy Round in Geneva. By the time those negotiations were concluded in 1967, he was

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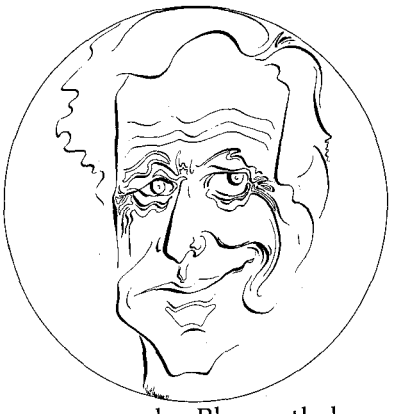
enjoying the rank of ambassador, a reputation for shrewdness, prestigious corporate contacts in the US and abroad, and a prescient sense that he should leave the Johnson administration as it tottered into war.

From several job possibilities he chose the Bendix Corporation, then notorious for the malaise of its management and its balance sheets. In five years he rose through the corporate hierarchy to become chairman. By a combination of sensible modernization, skillful internal and external politics, and plain energy and brilliance, he transformed the manufacturing firm into a prospering and powerful multinational corporation. Meanwhile he wrote the occasional obligatory articles (again on those economic subjects no one else really understood that well), joined the Trilateral Commission where he impressed Carter, and waited.

His accent burnished away, and other traces of the refugee erased by several years at $200,000 plus stock options, Blumenthal takes over Treasury with an unbroken record of success and an obvious capacity for great power in the administration. What really distinguishes Blumenthal among his colleagues in the new government is not so much his brains and drive as the tangible substance of what he has accomplished. Unlike the lawyers and organizational bureaucrats who fill the Carter regime's upper reaches, he has, indeed, met a payroll. There is something novel—and refreshing too—about Blumenthal's openness on this matter. The streets of Shanghai have produced an unabashed, undisguised capitalist. Making money and using its power to make more is the larger purpose he has pursued personally and politically, without pretense, since he left Princeton. In a government where those impulses usually masquerade as concern for the broader public interest, that candor in itself may be an improvement. Not least, there runs through Blomenthal's record a confidence and private independence, an adroitness, that could allow him to see past and shed his own biases as well as the inevitable encrustations from his own bureaucracy and its business clients.

But the promise held out by this optimistic view of Blumenthal is more one of efficiency than one of authentic reform. Nothing in his past government service suggests he will unhinge the cozy cartel of Treasury and business. He may be free of the taint of Vietnam; but the relentless rot of the dollar and the international monetary system in the 1960s, the bureaucratic anarchy in Washington, the corrupt stranglehold of corporate power on trade policy, the collusion of Congress and foreign governments—all that he watched in cynical silence and some complicity. Nor is there any question what interests, whose stake, he worked with such agility to protect during earlier commodity negotiations and later in the Kennedy Round. The system he represented so skillfully was very largely the old imperial rip-off that left the third world muttering the angry recriminations that have exploded in the resource price wars of the 1970s. Blumenthal was too smart not to see this; his career also reflects an uncritical acceptance of it. If there was any doubt when he left Geneva, Terry joined the Pirates for keeps at Bendix. The firm's resurgence under Blumenthal was accomplished in part by a cavalier social policy which relocated plants from places like Long Island City, New York, where Bendix was a major employer, to sweatier, higher-margin precincts like Mexico. Bendix, most observers seem to agree, is not one of the worst of the multinational corporations, not guilty of bribing or overthrowing unappreciative foreign governments. But Bendix is something like Blumenthal in that sense: admirable by the unattractive standards available for comparison.



The worst is that Blumenthal may simply do for the Treasury what he did for Bendix—revitalize its power and authority without reforming its essence. It is another mark of the naive, mindless backlash against Henry Kissinger that so many in the Congress and press seem ready to welcome the predicted dominance of the Secretary of the Treasury in foreign economic policy. It is as if Treasury, of all the great federal bureaucracies, did not represent most directly the blanketing power of money in American government. It is as if Treasury were not the most conventional, dogma-ridden officialdom. It is as if Treasury's policies over the past decade—from the concealed inflation and financing of Vietnam to the multiple frauds of the energy crisis—were not among the least accountable of government. It is a little like wanting the Pentagon to take a more active interest in the arms trade. The danger posed by Blumenthal is that because he is competent, he could fortify those interests and constituencies even more securely in domestic as well as foreign economic affairs. Ironically, it is the State Department, in the hands of a vastly over-matched Cyrus Vance, that is relatively free of those constituent corruptions, that might represent the larger public interest in international economic policy. In the twilight inner world of Jimmy Carter's Washington, there will be no easy deliverers, not even Blumenthal. It would be much simpler, of course, if our problems really yielded to old-fashioned, sharp, profit-maximizing management, if we were one big multinational corporation to be rescued by a street-wise operator like Mike Blumenthal. But we are not—not yet anyway.

Suetonius

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New Jeremiads From Old Jeremiahs

Is There a Present Danger?

by Morton Kondracke

In timing, form and tone, the new furor over Soviet strategic power seems laughably familiar—a throwback to the missile gap of the 1960 campaign and the bomber gaps of the 1950s. Even the personalities seem like ghosts returned. The hot-eyed Air Force general is back—George J. Keegan, Jr., this time, playing Curtis LeMay—warning that the Soviets are preparing for war and already are superior to us, and calling for a step-up in US nuclear war-fighting ("counterforce") capability. University of Chicago professor Albert Wohlstetter, whose "Delicate Balance of Terror" in *Foreign Affairs* sparked the missile controversy in 1959, is back also, now arguing in *Foreign Policy* that the nuclear arms "race" actually pits a US tortoise against a Russian hare, and charging the tortoise has been consistently blind to the speed of the hare.

The Gaither and Rockefeller brothers panels of the 1950s also have been reincarnated—semi-officially with the so-called "B" team appointed by outgoing CIA Director George Bush to provide a hawkish challenge to CIA assumptions on Soviet intentions; and with the Committee on the Present Danger, self-appointed to warn that "the principal threat to our nation, to world peace and to the cause of human freedom is the Soviet drive for domination based upon an unparalleled military buildup." The Present Danger People, like the Rockefeller group, will publish assessments of the US-Soviet strategic balance. The "B" team report, like Gaither's, was leaked. While denying he or his colleagues were responsible for the leaks, the "B" team's captain, Harvard professor Richard Pipes, has confirmed reports on the panel's conclusions—that Soviet leaders don't think nuclear wars are either unwinnable or unthinkable, and are gearing up to fight one if it is necessary to advance their interests.

Could there be a nuclear threat without Joseph Alsop? Ah, he too is back, proclaiming his authorship of the term "missile gap," charging in a *Foreign Policy* article last fall that President Eisenhower was "fecklessly, even wickedly wrong" in dismissing the old danger ("even though the 'gap' finally turned out not to exist, thank God!") and urging that we take out more nuclear-weapons "fire insurance" to meet the new danger.

Finally, in a farewell statement to Congress by former Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, the ghost of Sen. Richard Russell is back. Rumsfeld said the United States has to be prepared to fight limited nuclear wars, and if worse comes to worst, to "retard significantly the ability of the USSR to recover from a nuclear exchange and regain the status of 20th-century military and industrial power more rapidly than the United States." Russell said it better: "If we have to start all over again with Adam and Eve, then I want them to be Americans and not Russians, and I want them on this continent and not in Europe."

What's to be made of all this? It would be easy to dismiss as new jeremaids from old Jeremiahs, or as last gasps from the preemptive-war crowd which wanted to hit the Russkies before they hit us. Joseph Kraft suggested the new furor was evidence that superhawks had failed to cadge top jobs in the Carter administration and were striking back in public. Others see the hubbub as a plot by the Ford administration or the military-industrial complex to hog-tie the Carter administration into adopting its weapons priorities. Ford, certainly, is a true believer. Before leaving office he presented a $123-billion give-them-all-they-want military budget. Rumsfeld said the Russians, "must be accepted for what they are, not for what we want them to be. Their actions indicate that they take nuclear war seriously. The United States must do no less." The Ford defense budget calls for procurement or development of weapons necessary to fight nuclear wars "in a deliberate and controlled fashion," including the B-1 bomber (estimated costs: $23 billion), the Trident missile submarine ($2.8 billion for two, with missiles) and the MX land-based missile ($30 billion).

The Carter administration should take some of this seriously. For one thing, there *is* a continuing Soviet build-up, nuclear and conventional, which raises legitimate questions about Soviet intentions. We still outnumber the Russians in deliverable nuclear warheads, 8500 to 4300; but 18 months ago the Soviets had only 2800. For another thing, concern about Soviet ambitions extends beyond the old-line superhawks. The Committee on the Present Danger is headed by familiar people—Paul H. Nitze, Dean Rusk, Eugene Rostow and the ALF-CIO's Lane Kirkland—but it also has attracted some unexpected adherents, including Nobel Prize novelist Saul Bellow. Bellow said in a telephone interview that he is "appalled by the self-

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hypnosis" of intellectuals who "understand only one kind of police state" and he is "frightened when I realize in whose hands these new weapons are being held."

Carter's style seems to be to split ideological differences. But he shouldn't do it on the issue of the Soviet threat and defense outlays. The current weapons furor provides an opportunity to do better than sniff the political air or take a poll, then make tougher noises toward the Russians and give the Pentagon a little bit more. For the first time since the anti-ballistic-missile controversy of the late 1960s, we have a chance for full-scale debate about nuclear weapons, and we should take that opportunity. The debate shouldn't be limited to individual weapons requests, but should amount to a top-to-bottom public reevaluation—in Carter's phrase, "zero based"—of the US-Soviet strategic relationship.

Carter promised less secrecy in government, and he began the process by publishing the "B" team report (now so highly classified that even its classification is classified), together with as much of present and past National Intelligence Estimates as can possibly be made public. Congress and the Carter administration can then thrash it through with the rest of us: What's the evidence that the old men in the Kremlin have war on their minds? What does their vast expenditure of wealth on defense (12 to 14 percent of their GNP, compared to five percent of ours spent by the US) really buy them? Are the Soviets building deep civil defense cover for their industries and population as reported? Could this protect them against retaliatory attack from the United States? If it could, there might really be evidence of intent to fight and win a war. It might impel us to build our own system. Such a thing was proposed, then discredited, in the 1960s; but a new look doesn't hurt.

If Carter and Congress begin with a zero-based analysis of Soviet capabilities and intentions, they can proceed along the same lines on other issues, including these:

1) How should we analyze intelligence? The "A" team versus "B" team adversary procedure may not be all bad, but perhaps an arms control-minded "C" team should have access to the country's best intelligence data and prepare its own semi-official report. Or perhaps a broadly based US Intelligence Board should keep an outside watch on the intelligence estimates. Should the intelligence agencies themselves operate under a single czar who owes official loyalty to none of them? That would seem to encourage diversity, but how much diversity do we want?

2) Should US forces be deployed to keep up with the Russians, or to serve our own defense objectives? Carter said he was opposed to a limited nuclear war strategy, believing that once the H-bombs drop, there will be no stopping them. Carter seems dedicated to a strategy of deterrence, not war-fighting; but this strategy is being widely attacked as old-fashioned and naive. Its official name is Mutual Assured Destruction, and its critics call it MAD. Let us have Congress and Carter, the generals and tank-thinkers go at the question publicly.

3) Whichever strategy we pursue, what weapons do we need for it? Weapons systems have a way of being built because they are feasible and help to sustain the mission of the armed service proposing them. We seem to think the way to express our concern about the Soviets is to hike the defense budget, regardless of what we are buying. The Ford administration called for development of unmanned cruise missiles in addition to B-1 manned bombers and a new ballistic missile system, but a good case can be made that cruise missiles could replace them both, especially if we decide on war-deterrence as a national strategy. Existing Minuteman missiles are said to be increasingly vulnerable to Soviet attack. Why not get rid of them when cruise missiles come on line? Cruise missiles are cheap (just $100,000 per copy, compared to $94 million for a B-1), highly accurate and easy to hide, offering the potential of a new invulnerable second-strike force to go along with submarine-based missiles.

Substituting cruise missiles for new ICBMs and B-1s would make the Air Force howl. Ironically, cruise missiles also disturb arms control advocates, because the Soviet Union and the United States could build them by the hundreds, upsetting existing patterns of arms negotiation.

4) The roles and missions of the US armed services have not been reexamined since they were set forth in the late 1940s. Do we need what amounts to four separate tactical air forces, one for each service? If cruise missiles become the wave of the future, shouldn't we revive an air defense system? Who should run it? What should the Marine Corps do in an age when helicopters make it possible to fly over beaches, rather than storm them? There are dangers in reviewing roles and missions. Inter-service rivalries would burst forth bloodily. On the other hand, there might be pressure for unification of the various military services. But after 20 years, a new look is called for.

5) How should we try to control nuclear arms? Cruise missiles would make verification all but impossible if they are included in an arms agreement. Is there anything wrong with leaving them out, allowing both sides to develop them at will? If they are cheap, slow (therefore no first-strike threat) and invulnerable to surprise attack, and if they can be manufactured in such numbers as to overwhelm air defenses, why shouldn't both sides have them as a secure relatiatory force?

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At least three committees of Congress are taking up some of the questions posed in the new missile debate. President Carter, now that he is inaugurated, should make his preferences known about them in an early speech on the US-Soviet balance, and then there should be a public debate worthy of the issue. For the economy, our lives and the Russian's it's as important a matter as there is.

Korea, Inc: I

Too Much Rice, the Original Sin

by Tad Szulc

American taxpayers know from reading the newspapers that the government of South Korea spent millions of dollars acting friendly to their congressmen. What they don't yet know is that they paid for it. Massive but largely unwarranted economic aid to South Korea, much of it politically motivated and often provided in secret by the Johnson and Nixon administrations, is the "original sin" behind the Korean bribery scandals now under investigation by a federal grand jury. This "original sin" has been successfully covered up by the US government.

The aid to Seoul, running into hundreds of millions of dollars between 1969 and 1975, not only kept the dictatorial regime of President Park Chung Hee solvent and politically stable; it also helped to finance his formidable lobby here, as well as covert intelligence operations against Korean dissidents living in the United States.

In other words, the American taxpayer has footed the bill for the alleged bribing of American congressmen by Park's operatives seeking additional United States bounty for Seoul, and for the repression applied by the Korean Central Intelligence Agency against anti-Park leaders in this country. Investigators also suspect that some of this money may have been laundered back into the US for the 1972 Nixon campaign.

In supplying vast assistance to South Korea, the Nixon administration acted, in part, to satisfy key congressmen, including Louisiana's former Democratic Rep. Otto. E. Passman, until last year the most powerful legislator in the area of foreign aid and a close friend of the Park regime. Passman's desire was to increase rice exports from his home state of Louisiana. (Louisiana and California are the two principal rice-producing states.) But his ties to Seoul went even beyond this concern. Still, rice was the principal component of the American aid package to Park, and, in effect, the secret political currency in these dealings.

The grand jury has been working for nearly a year. It may soon hand down criminal indictments against many congressmen and former congressmen, possibly including Passman, for accepting and not reporting "campaign contributions" and other favors from the Park regime. American-South Korean "intermediaries," some of them well known Washington figures, may also find themselves indicted. The House Ethics Committee may bring itself to look into questionable activities by congressmen, such as accepting free travel to South Korea and honorary degrees from South Korean universities. The Internal Revenue Service is known to be looking into the tax returns of numerous congressmen who may have been involved with Seoul.

If the indictments are presented, they are certain to set off a major political scandal. This inevitably will affect the Carter administration inasmuch as most of the congressmen under investigation are Democrats.

But the full story is unlikely to emerge from the grand jury; it covers the whole skein of complex relationships between the Park regime and the Nixon administration. It includes the relations between Park and multinational corporations such as Gulf and General Motors. And it involves the lengthy cover up by the United States government of all these South Korean operations.

In the words of a senior US official, long familiar with the situation in Seoul under Park, "What we are seeing is a conglomerate of corruption, extortion, influence-peddling and brutality that can be simply described as 'Korea, Inc.' What Park has put together is a corporate police empire, and the US has been insouciantly dealing

This is the first of a series on the Korean scandal by contributing editor Tad Szulc.

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with it on the highest level. But Park has secretly turned it against us for his greater benefit."

A special review committee of Gulf's board of directors, reporting on the company's secret payments to Park in 1966 and 1970 totalling four million dollars—the price for continued operations in South Korea—commented, "There . . . was quite evidently the exercise of high-level political influence and political participation in business affairs, the whole of which can perhaps be collectively referred to as the 'Korean System.'" What Park applied to Gulf—he also did it to General Motors and other American companies on a lesser scale—was pure extortion.

The Washington bribery, lobbying and political harassment of dissidents amounted to the transplanting to the US of Park's "Korean System." The extraordinary thing is that the US Government tolerated it here for years—until the State Department, the only agency seriously concerned by this situation, finally forced the Justice Department to open an investigation early last year after a series of rebuffs from the attorney general, who long claimed "insufficient evidence."

As reconstructed from official documents and a lengthy series of interviews with government figures closely involved in US-South Korean dealings, the "original sin" of unwarranted American aid to Seoul actually goes back to the Johnson administration and its desire to involve South Korean troops in the Vietnam war. The Nixon administration simply picked it up where Johnson left it. The apparent guiding principle during the two administrations was to accommodate Park in every way, even in defiance of common sense. The American business community behaved similarly.

To assure South Korea's military participation in Vietnam, the US paid Seoul $925 million in cash for overseas allowances to members of the two Korean army divisions in Vietnam, and for "expanded Korean contractor opportunities" between 1965 and 1970. Arrangements were made for South Korea to obtain lucrative contracts in connection with the Vietnam war, because Park wanted to be competitive with Japan; this produced $546 million in earnings for Korean businessmen hand-picked by Park's office. With other grants and payments, it cost the US $1.7 billion to have the Koreans fight in Vietnam.

None of this was revealed at the time. Park's public position in 1966 was that South Korea was determined to help in the struggle for democracy in Vietnam. The American payments were disclosed only in Senate hearings in 1970. It never has been disclosed that, starting in 1969, the Nixon administration launched a new program of wholly unjustified economic aid to Park.

Cables between the Seoul mission of the Agency for International Development and AID headquarters in Washington in 1969 now form a secret file turned over by the State Department to the grand jury. They show that Washington ordered vast rice shipments to South Korea, despite the mission's insistence that much of this rice not only was not necessary, but actually was damaging to the development of rice production in Korea itself. AID mission chief Henry J. Costanzo and American Ambassador William Porter, who concurred in this judgment, repeatedly were overruled by Washington. Some of these cables from Washington carried the signature of John A. Hannah, AID administrator at that time. Other cables routinely carried the signature of secretary of State William Rogers.

The reason for all this rice, according to informed officials and the cable file, was that the Nixon administration wanted to please Park, and to please Passman and several other Louisiana and California congressmen who wanted to increase rice exports. Park, officials said, demanded cheap American rice in order to keep prices low in Seoul and other cities that were his political base. He did not care that these cheap American imports made it uneconomical for South Korean farmers to plant rice locally.

The cheap rice came from US government purchases from Louisiana and California, made available to South Korea under Public Law 480, which provided for a long-term loan. The purchases and exports thus were financed by the American taxpayer. In addition, South Korea was provided with "soft loans," at low interest and over a lengthy repayment period, to buy more rice in the US. Selling the rice in the cities, the Park regime accumulated hundreds of millions of dollars in local currency.

This arrangement had additional advantages for Park. After 1970, South Korea designated Tongsun Park, a Washington-based Korean businessman and playboy, as the agent for all its rice purchases. Tongsun Park's ties with the KCIA and his apparent involvement in Washington bribing and lobbying forced him to flee the United States late last year after the Justice Department subpoenaed him to testify before the grand jury. Until his untimely exit he was able to charge dollar commissions on these rice sales financed by PL 480. Investigators assume that some of the money from these commissions went for the congressional bribes and Tongsun Park's lavish entertainment of senators, congressmen, government officials and other influential Washingtonians. Even Gerald Ford, as vice president, attended at least one of Tongsun Park's parties.

Shipments of rice between 1969 and 1971 were 40 percent in excess of what the AID mission in Seoul judged to be necessary for the South Korean economy. Shipments of PL 480 rice during these years added up to almost two million metric tons, with the highest volume—522,054 tons—registered in 1972, when the Tongsun Park operation was moving into high gear. The likely profits to the Park regime and its Washington operatives can only be suggested by the

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market value of this rice. Between 1969 and 1971 rice was going for about $150 a ton, which would make shipments to Korea during those years worth about $123 million. The shipments dropped to a nominal amount in 1973 and 1974 when the price rose to $600 a ton. But in 1975, when the price fell to about $250 a ton, shipments soared again to 315,070 tons, worth $79 million.

To qualify for PL 480 food loans a recipient country must buy 100,000 tons annually from the United States on a commercial basis. But to do so, South Korea used "soft loans" from AID—again charging it, in effect, to the American taxpayer.

The AID mission recommended in 1969, and again in 1970, that because of the heavy payments to South Korea for maintaining her two divisions in Vietnam, PL 480 rice shipments to Seoul should be reduced in order to keep the total amount of aid at a fairly constant level. But Washington informed the AID mission that political considerations were more important. One cable also noted the since Japan was developing a rice surplus, it was vital to keep the Korean market in American hands.

Another instance of secret economic assistance to Seoul by the Nixon administration—in fact even a more blatant one than the rice sales—was an agreement, negotiated in 1971 by David Kennedy, then Nixon's ambassador-at-large, for the US to pay the South Korean government $375 million in return for Seoul's restraint in textile exports to this country. The payment, to be spread over five years, involved $275 million in PL 480 shipments, mainly rice, at reduced prices, plus $100 million in loans supposedly intended to offset anticipated foreign exchange losses. The agreement never was announced to the public. According to a report by the General Accounting Office (GAO), it never was reported to Congress despite the provisions of the 1972 Case Act, which requires the government to report all executive agreements to the Congress even when congressional ratification is not required.

According to the GAO report, the Kennedy agreement was one of 34 executive agreements with Korea that the State Department failed to report to Congress since enactment of the Case Act. In all, there were 59 agreements between the US and Korea since 1972. The report added that "the agreement has been in force for three years, but considerable doubt exists as to whether foreign exchange losses have occurred as a result of the restraints on textile exports. Yet, to our knowledge, no attempt has been made to renegotiate or reduce the quid pro quo arrangement." Neither State Department nor AID officials were consulted by the White House about the Kennedy agreement.

The State Department also remains unaware of the contents of a number of secret agreements between the Pentagon and the Seoul government. This is relevant in the light of reports that Gulf paid the South Korean Ministry of National Defense $2.3 million in kickbacks between 1971 and 1975 in connection with fuel sales, and that the Korean Military Contractors Association, working with civilian Pentagon employees, rigged bids on American military contracts for services in South Korea. According to investigators, this may be costing American taxpayers millions of dollars. Nobody in Washington seems to know exactly what secret committments our government has made to the Park regime in the economic and military realms.

Washington appears to be as culpable as Seoul in the Korean scandals that are beginning to emerge. There is talk of appointing a Watergate-style special prosecutor to deal with illegal acts by Americans. This may be necessary if the complete story of our dealings with "Korea, Inc." is ever to come to light.

And Why They Get Off

How Prosecutors Are Nabbed

by James Lardner

If Donald Robinson had merely taken a bribe, he probably would have been found guilty. Because he also committed adultery in a motel room with a prostitute, drug user and check thief named Loretta Butler, he was acquitted. The jury had been exposed to much more of this rising young man's biography than is customarily told of a defendant in a criminal trial. They understood the mess he had made of his life, and to understand was

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to forgive.

Robinson's legal troubles began with a conversation last winter in a Washington, DC, warehouse. Loretta Butler was selling some checks she had stolen to two men who presented themselves as Frankie Paccione and Pasquale Larocca, big-time fences from New York. Between transactions, they chatted about the sexual proclivities of her clients. The conversation narrowed to one proclivity in particular. "There is an attorney down at court," she said, "a district attorney named Donald Robinson, that's all he wants." She probably was trying to impress her listeners with the social range of her acquaintances, rather than to bridge any gaps in their sex education. If so, she was successful. Paccione and Larocca were very impressed.

When Butler returned a week later with a new batch of checks, Larocca had a question for her. "That attorney you know, we want him in our pocket. Can he be bought?" Butler considered, and nodded. He had fixed a gun case involving a friend of hers, she recalled. What's more, "like he's 30 years old and is complaining about not making enough money."

Soon afterward, Assistant United States Attorney Donald Robinson—a former Peace Corps volunteer and in his off-hours the teacher of "Introduction to the Administration of Justice" at American University—was at the warehouse giving Paccione and Larocca a lecture on how a prosecutor can subvert his own case—by muffing an argument here, misplacing a witness there, etc. Robinson said he wasn't sure if he could help with the particular defendant in whom they expressed interest. But, "Supposing I can spring her, what's that worth to you?" Then he returned to his office, $200 richer. A few days later he reported to a superior that someone had tried to bribe him, adding that he didn't know who or why.

On his next trip to the warehouse, Robinson brought information about the prospects of the defendant Paccione and Larocca had named. He seemed to have acquired confidence in his value as a conduit. "Will a hundred dollars be okay today?" Robinson was asked. "No way," he replied. "I gave you two very valuable pieces of information." He settled for $500.

All of the above, and more besides, was recorded for posterity on videotape. Robinson and Butler both were victims of "The Sting," the fake fencing operation set up to nab a few of the career burglars, holdup men and thieves who abound in the District of Columbia. Larocca really was Detective P. J. Lilly of the Metropolitan Police Department. Paccione was Agent Richard Genova of the FBI. They and their associates had not originally been casting about for any fish as big as Robinson, but they took the water as they found it. When Loretta Butler told them one of her clients was a prosecutor, they decided a prosecutor who would become involved with a prostitute might be at least vulnerable to worse transgressions. United States Attorney Earl Silbert felt the same way and authorized further experiments on Donald Robinson's integrity, with the results as described.

At his trial, nine months later, Robinson did not attempt to dispute the facts of what he was accused of doing—the jury had watched it all on closed-circuit television, after all—but he told the court he had been boxed into it. Greed had played a part; but so had fear—fear that her friends in the mafia (as he thought "Larocca" and "Paccione" were) might injure Robinson if he refused to cooperate. In other words, he had been forced or tricked into doing it: entrapped.

The colleagues who prosecuted Robinson seem not to have taken his entrapment defense very seriously. They were convinced he was a genuine bad apple. Silbert's attitude is that, "A DA cannot be entrapped." Silbert believes a prosecutor should be held to a higher standard than the rest of us, and knows too much about the law, including the law of entrapment, to escape responsibility for his acts in *that* way. It was Silbert's idea, however, to tempt Robinson with relatively small amounts of money, fearing that a larger sum might seem to a jury capable of corrupting just about anybody. The jury disagreed with Silbert. After mulling it over for four hours, they voted not guilty. Robinson had been a reluctant grafter with a mixture of motives; he was repentant, and for the jurors that was enough. But as Anthony Trollope has observed, these conditions of mind may be shared by most criminals. "We all of us know that swindlers and rogues do very dirty tricks," Trollope wrote in *Can You Forgive Her?*, "and we are apt to picture to ourselves a certain amount of gusto and delight in the doing of them. In this, I think we are wrong. The poor, broken, semi-genteel beggar . . . suffers a separate little agony with each petition that he makes. He does not enjoy pleasant sailing in this journey which he is making."

Whether the jury was naive, or whether the authorities went too far as Robinson's attorneys argued, Donald Robinson now joins the growing company of present and former public servants who have been accused, investigated, charged, tried and exonerated. Besides the famous—your John Connallys and Edward Gurneys—there are uncountable legions of mayoral aides, sewer commissioners, judges and legislators all across the country who have beaten the rap. There are others, of course, who have lost similar battles, and even a few who have gone to jail for their crimes. But by and large it has proven very difficult to convict a public servant on a charge of corruption.

It is difficult chiefly for three reasons. First, the man in what we call an office of trust rarely is dumb enough to accept the cash personally (one recent Vice President notwithstanding), so if word leaks out the whole ugly business often can be attributed to associates and

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underlings. Second, the typical witnesses to such transactions are likely to keep their mouths shut, or to open them only when faced with prosecution themselves. Third, the *quid pro quo* often is hard to nail down: merely because I contribute $10,000 toward the election of candidate X one year, and governor X invites me to fill a vacancy on the bench the next, who is to prove there's a connection?

This is why grafters are more often charged with tax evasion or perjury than with grafting itself, and why so many win over a jury, a judge or an appeals court in the end. And this also is why the prosecutor who gets wind of a past act of corruption often is powerless to document it, and may resort instead to offering the suspect a fresh opportunity to commit the offense in the presence of undercover operatives or informants.

When does providing an opportunity become entrapment? The law is eloquent and plentiful, but, as usual, not awfully precise. In a 1932 case called *Sorrells* v. *US*, the Supreme Court reversed the conviction of a North Carolina man for selling a half gallon of whiskey to a prohibition agent. The agent had been chatting with the defendant as one veteran of the American Expeditionary Force to another, and had asked him repeatedly to supply some liquor to lubricate their reminiscences, a request the defendant had just as repeatedly declined, noting that he didn't "fool with whiskey." On about the fifth assault, Mr. Sorrells reluctantly went off to see if he could satisfy the stranger's request, and was, to his subsequent regret, successful. Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes wrote that no crime had been committed "when the criminal design originates with the officials of the Government, and they implant in the mind of an innocent person the disposition to commit the alleged offense and induce its commission in order that they may prosecute."

The court has been fairly consistent since *Sorrells*, homing in on the same questions of "predisposition" and "inducement" whenever a defense of entrapment has been put forward. A 1973 case called *US* v. *Russell* involved three men who had been found guilty of manufacturing methamphetamine (speed) even though a federal narcotics agent had provided them with phenyl-2-propane, a vital ingredient. The conviction ultimately was upheld by the Supreme Court in an opinion written by Justice William Rehnquist. Rehnquist said it was not important that the defendants could not have committed the crime without help from the government. It was sufficient that they had been predisposed, and had not been induced or pressured, to do what they did.

But there is another theory with an equally substantial history. It holds that the conduct of the government in entrapping a defendant can be so rotten and obnoxious that it invalidates any prosecution of criminal activity, whatever the defendant's predisposition. Dissenting from the *Russell* decision, Justice Potter Stewart described the majority's construction of entrapment as a "subjective approach," for which he proposed to substitute an "objective approach":

> *. . . when the agents' involvement in criminal activities goes beyond the mere offering of . . . an opportunity, and when their conduct is of a kind that could induce or instigate the commission of a crime by one not ready and willing to commit it, then—regardless of the character and propensities of the particular person induced—I think entrapment has occurred.*

Drug cases have provided most of the fodder for these deliberations down through the years. But it is corrupt public officials rather than narcotics peddlers who now stand to benefit from an expansion of the concept of entrapment. The prosecution of a pusher for selling to an undercover agent has become a routine business with fairly well defined rules and limits. The government has an idea of what it can do and what it can't, and there is no sign that the courts are moving to curtail the practice. But courts seem to be taking a much harsher view of similar undercover activities aimed at exposing and prosecuting government corruption—particularly when the corruption lies within the criminal justice system itself.

One noteworthy corruption/entrapment case is *US* v. *Archer* (1973), involving three men who accepted $15,000 in return for arranging the dismissal of gun charges against a supposed mafia figure. Preempted by an informant's stories of case-fixing in Queens, New York, Sante A. Bario, an agent with the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (now the Drug Enforcement Administration—they change their name every six months or with each succeeding scandal, whichever comes first) became Salvatore Barone, a resident alien and member of the Las Vegas underworld. Bario/Barone arranged to be arrested in a Queens bar for carrying two loaded pistols, and he proceeded to make known a willingness to spend a considerable sum of money to avoid trial and/or conviction.

It proved ridiculously easy. Through two intermediaries, Bario established contact with assistant prosecutor Norman Archer. Archer told him to produce a sympathetic cover story for the grand jury—some perfectly good reason why any law-abiding citizen might be carrying two loaded pistols in a bar in Queens. Accordingly, Bario testified that he was employed by a Las Vegas hotel and possessed a Nevada pistol permit because he frequently carried large amounts of money in his work. He hadn't realized that the Nevada permit was valid only in Nevada, he said, so he had taken his weapon with him when the hotel sent him to New York City on business. The second pistol? Well, he was holding it for a friend. One grand juror had the temerity to ask DA Archer if he had verified the existence of the Nevada permit. Archer coolly replied that he had, and that was that. No indictment was

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returned.

Norman Archer had the bad luck to be a crooked public servant at a moment in the life of New York City when that breed had just become unpopular. Prosecutors were climbing all over each other seeking battle honors in the war against corruption. So there was United States Attorney Whitney North Seymour, Jr.,(whose father had helped prepare the government's losing argument in *Sorrells*), investigating a local offense—bribery—over which his office ordinarily had no jurisdiction whatsoever. Needing a "federal handle" on the case, the prosecutors directed agent Bario to initiate a couple of long-distance phone calls from across the Hudson River in Newark, New Jersey. Archer and his co-defendants were charged with illegal use of interstate commerce—namely, telephone cables—in the commission of an act of bribery.

This contrivance caught in the craw of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals. The court pointed out that the phone calls had been placed by the government rather than the defendants, whose criminal intentions had been purely intrastate. But after throwing the case out on this technical grounds, Judge Henry Friendly took the occasion to lambast the prosecutors and undercover agents for their behavior. "We do not all share the Government's pride in its achievement of causing the bribing of a state assistant district attorney by a scheme which involved lying to New York police officers and perjury before New York judges and grand jurors," Friendly wrote. The decision went on to cite the government for an "arrogant disregard for the sanctity of the state judicial and police processes."

There have been several similar cases since Archer, most in New York, in which allegedly corrupt public servants have won dismissals, acquittals or reversals due to the obnoxious conduct of the prosecution in framing them. In quite a few of these cases, the accusation of frame-up has been laid at the feet of former New York State special prosecutor Maurice Nadjari. Nadjari went at his job with zeal and abandon, using undercover agents liberally, pursuing not only police, lawyers and prosecutors, but also judges. "If we cannot have absolutely honest public officials," Nadjari once said, "then let's have frightened public officials."

The use of undercover agents and informants to expose violations of the law is a shadowy realm of our criminal justice system that stands in need of fresh scrutiny, and, perhaps, some common standards of what's fair. Some of the statutes which the government enforces most often by use of such tactics—drug and prostitution laws, for example—undoubtedly are ill-conceived in themselves. But there is no reason why an agreement as to tactics should await the cleansing of our criminal codes.

The first question is how freely and in what circumstances undercover operatives should be employed. Should a single police officer or prosecutor have the authority to infiltrate a dissident political group, to establish a phony fencing ring, or to ship a bogus criminal through the processes of arrest and trial? Should there be a form of review—court-ordered warrants as for searches and wiretaps?

The next question is how far the government should be permitted to go in furthering the commission of a crime. Should the courts continue merely to judge the acts and the predisposition of a defendant rather than the measures used against him? Perhaps the two views of entrapment are not, in practice, as different as their adherents believe: both sides agree that the government is sometimes justified in presenting a suspected criminal with a chance to break the law, and both might agree, too, that there are reasonable and unreasonable ways of going about it.

Nadjari has accused the courts of trying to create a double standard of what constitutes entrapment. He tried desperately during his term as special prosecutor—too desperately, in the opinion of many of his colleagues—to implicate "higher-ups." But while most of his indictments against low-ranking police officers and bureaucrats resulted in convictions, virtually every prosecutor, lawyer, judge or politcal figure indicted by Nadjari has been exonerated. Most of the remainder will get off soon. Likewise, when Washington's "Sting" operation netted an impressive assortment of thieves and low-lives, the courts applauded and convicted. But if the jury had convicted Donald Robinson, the DC Circuit Court of Appeals headed by Judge David Bazelon probably would have reversed and had harsh words for the methods and persistence of the government.

In the eternal struggle to keep the rotten apples at the bottom of the barrel, it is certainly possible to go too far. Besides the risk that an otherwise law-abiding official (one such as Donald Robinson, perhaps) may take the plunge, there is a certain practical danger to the system as a whole. Undoubtedly we could reduce corruption by routinely laying opportunities for graft in the paths of all public servants. But we probably also would reduce enthusiasm, initiative and the use of discretion (for good or ill). The young assistant DA faced with a first-time marijuana possession case will be a lot less lenient if he has to worry that the defendant may turn out to be a government agent testing prosecutorial integrity.

But neither is there any call for judges and government lawyers to enjoy immunity from certain police methods which may thwart the criminal interests of the rest of us. When a decoy is planted in the criminal justice system, the courts proclaim that the "sanctity" of the judicial process has been stained. But dress up a police officer as an arthritic old woman with an alligator bag full of money, and put her on a secluded park bench for the sole purpose of being mugged, and will any judge invoke the sanctity of our system of public parks to free the mugger? I think not.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Wenders

Wim Wenders (pronounced Vim Venders) is outstanding in the new generation of German filmmakers, those between (say) 25 and 35. This is not to derogate such gifted men as R.W. Fassbinder and Werner Herzog: it's simply to say that of all the work I've seen by Germans of that generation—and I've seen a good number of films, though a small proportion—the film I like best is Wenders' *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick*, made in 1971, shown twice in New York at the Museum of Modern Art in 1972, and now generally released.

Readers of Peter Handke—a growing company—will recognize that this film was made from his novel of that title. Handke and Wenders are friends and have worked together several times. Handke wrote the script of Wenders' early short *3 American LPs* (1969), collaborated on the screenplay of *Goalie*, and wrote the script for Wenders' feature *Wrong Movement* (1975), freely adapted from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. (Handke's former wife, Libgart Schwarz, well-known in the German theater, plays a maid at a country inn in *Goalie*.) These facts not only widen our eyes further at the prodigious Handke, they tell of a position for film in current German culture, as a meeting-place for serious new talents, that has no counterpart in the US, at least not in US films meant for theatrical exhibition. (But it's only fair to add that there is a West German government subsidy for films. The US is still the only film-making country that has no government film subsidy program. Small National Endowment grants don't signify in this field.)

This has an additional bitter side because US culture, especially film, has had an immense effect on these young Germans. In a recent interview Jan Dawson asked Wenders what it was like to grow up, as Wenders had just described himself, with a schizophrenic attitude toward one's own country's history. Wenders replied: "The most dominant effect was the tendency to stick to other histories or to become involved in other cultures. In the early '50s or even the '60s, it was American culture . . . The only radio I listen to is American Forces Network." Look at the title of the early short he made with Handke. And Handke's fine novel *Short Letter, Long Farewell* (*TNR*, Sept. 28, '74) is about a young Austrian couple (presumably the Handkes) who have been strongly influenced by US music and films, who split during a trip to America, and who are reunited—for a time anyway—by a visit to old John Ford. The protagonist of *Goalie* seems to live on US pop culture, groping from teat to teat for nourishment: from films to music on the radio (including Armed Forces broadcasts) to juke boxes.

But that pop culture is used texturally, not mimetically. This point is crucial—for Wenders and Handke and many postwar artists. All film criticism views pop films as embodiments of deep myths and dreams, but some film criticism, particularly *auteur* criticism, thinks it a weakness in other critics to judge the characterization or dialogue or very credibility of pop films by standards of "elitist" art. (The pop-cult epithet.) Auteurists and the similar-minded hold supreme the realization of the dreams that the mass audience has dreamed and the cinematically satisfactory conveyance back to that audience of what it wants. To me this is just a thin argument to elevate commercial entertainments—the overwhelming majority of American films—into acceptable subjects for a growing army of critics who would be starving for material if they confined themselves to "elitist" films. Now the relevance of this issue to current German film and drama and fiction is twofold. First, it's perfectly true that people like Handke and Wenders *learned* many of their dreams from US pop films. But they didn't stop there. Having been fed and stimulated by US pop culture, they didn't imitate it, they used it as part of something larger. We can find this in the work of many younger Americans, too—for instance, the very talented dramatist Sam Shepard. He and coeval Europeans like Handke and Wenders don't imitate John Ford and Samuel Fuller (whom Wenders mentions in that interview). They move up. They deal in "non-pop" terms with characters on whom mass-propagated culture has been a huge influence. The difference—between merely returning the pop dream whence it came and using it in a work that comments on such dreams—is not subtle: and is highly important, though often sloughed off.

In that long interview Wenders hardly mentions postwar French filmmakers, yet it's clear that they too have had a strong effect on him. For one thing, those French directors pioneered in the serious *use* of US pop culture. For another, Godard's vigorous disturbance of structural convention and Chabrol's psychic-flash editing style have patently struck responses in Wenders.

The screenplay of *Goalie* changes a few significant points in the novel. The book's protagonist has, at the outset, finished with football (our soccer), is an ex-goalie; the film begins with him on the field. In the novel he has hardly a word of direct discourse (like Meursault in *The Stranger*) until the very end; the film form requires him to engage in dialogue throughout. Otherwise, the motions and tensions are much the same. We are inside a man barren of the rationality that leads to and away from morality, a man who can still make contact with society in small ritual and etiquette but whose vacancy is, paradoxically, like a volcano that can boil up at any time. Irritation on a football field, so that he behaves outrageously and must leave; irritation at a girl with whom he has spent the night, so that he snaps her neck; irritation at a drinking companion so that he empties an ashtray in his face and gets beaten up as a consequence,

Films Worth Seeing

The Last Tycoon. Robert De Niro's romantic-ruthless performance is the chief reason to see this fuddling of Fitzgerald.

Mikey and Nicky. Elaine May's black-comic plunge into the underworld. Utterly nasty but minor Céline.

Network. Everything you've always known about TV, hyped up amusingly. All the sparkle and value of a zircon.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Fine fun. Sherlock Holmes meets Sigmund Freud, and why ever not? Excellent cast.

SK

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which he *accepts* as a consequence.

The story is built on a vaguely apprehended pattern of flight—that is, vague to the protagonist. After he murders the girl in Vienna, he summons up enough instinct to leave: he goes to an Austrian border village where he knows a woman who runs an inn. (The odd strophic music by Jürgen Knieper seems to beat him forward even when he's sitting quietly in the back of a bus.) In that village he floats, while the disappearance and accidental death of a child are developed in counterpoint. He reads the newspapers for reports on the police hunt that is steadily approaching him, but he flees no further. At the end he is sitting in the stands at a country football match, explaining to a stranger the goalie's difficulty when he has to guard against a penalty kick. (Something like a free shot in basketball, only the goalie can defend against it as best he can.) He explains the twists of logic in the goalie's mind. Then the kicker kicks: the goalie dives and snares the ball. The goalie has won, thinks *the doomed goalie*. As I wrote once about the novel: "His sanity is a crazy-house mirror, exaggerating the delusions of the people around him."

Arthur Brauss is perfect as the protagonist: lean, blunt-faced, insanely composed. All the women are sexy, but there is no overt sexual action: Wenders uses their sexiness as part of the suspense. The print I saw recently, as against my memory of the one I saw four years ago, was somewhat murky in color. (Robbie Müller is, always, Wenders' cinematographer.) The direction and editing are superb.

Wenders' style seems modeled, synesthetically, on Handke's prose: precise, rhythmically tight, elliptical. Like Godard, he sometimes holds shots for a bit to make their presence as effective as their content; like Chabrol, he sometimes splices in a close-up of an object in a room as a "beat" and to intensify environment. In narrative terms the film could be condensed a few minutes toward the end, but Wenders may have deliberately run a trifle past his narrative requirements for (risky to say this) a dash of tedium, of empathic dangling. The total, as I've said, is my favorite postwar German film, a quiet poem of various desolations.

Wenders has since made four features and a 50-minute TV film. I've seen only his latest, *Kings of the Road*; some of it is beautiful and daring, some of it is only daring (cinematically), some of it is merely self-indulgent. Wenders said that he improvised the script, and I don't think he yet has the ability to do that successfully. He is currently shooting in Germany, a film based on a Patricia Highsmith novel. (With Bruno Ganz of *The Marquise of O. . .* and Dennis Hopper of *Easy Rider*!) I'm glad that the new film is based on a book he admires.

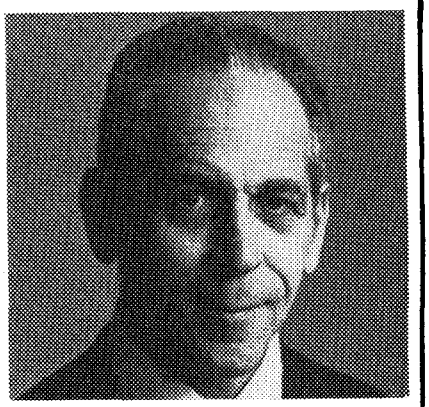
P.S. Your chances of seeing *Goalie* in a theater are slim. If impossible, a 16 mm print can be rented. Distributors: Bauer International, P. O. Box 939, New York, NY 10023. (212) 873-8405.

The Malraux Mystery

Every life poses a question. It consecrates an issue, sometimes by mere persistence, sometimes by a dedicated will that does not stop short of sacrifice and tragic outcome. We feel such a will or persistence in André Malraux who died this November after reaching 75 years of age. His life was marked by an intensity which recalls Emerson's definition of the hero: he who is immovably centered. Can we begin to understand Malraux's interesting if perplexing career in the light of a central purpose?

Perhaps his denial of the kind of search here proposed gives us the clue we are looking for. "There are no more secrets," he said. There was about him a relentless and driven instinct for self-exposure. Not the kind that animated romantic confession or the darker prose of Dostoyevsky's heroes but the kind we all suffer from in an age of speed and of the split-second. Depth is explored, in such an age, only to be exploded—hence the penetration of the mystery story into so many fields, a mystery story that cannot be resolved. For as it is worked through it merely generates further mystery, or endlessly elaborated photographic surfaces. Think of the film *Blow-Up* or of Robbe-Grillet's novels and scenarios. Instead of a *whodunit*, I once surmised, we get the *whodonut*: the story with a hole in it.

It is amazing with what speed of action and notation Malraux's *The Conquerors* (1928) and *Man's Fate* (1933) move: we are clearly in an era where



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continuity is filmic, superficial in a deep sense. "His Majesty the Ego" is in danger of being elided by the tempo of events, by news-mongering, stimulus flooding, political upheavals, mass movements. "Poisoned by speed" was Valéry's epitaph for our age. Against this self-alienation Malraux invoked a counter-force. "The greatest mystery," he wrote in *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg* (1943), "is not that we have been hurled by chance between the profusion of matter and the profusion of the stars; it is, rather, that in this prison of ours, we are able to draw from within ourselves *images* which have the power to deny our nothingness."

Where Pascal found only a religious defense against the terror of this nothingness, Tchen, one of the revolutionaries in *Man's Fate*, politicizes the terror he feels, then embodies it by hurling himself with a bomb against Chiang Kai-shek's car. As he determines to do that, "the only thing which his present state of mind did not transform into nothingness was the idea of creating those doomed Executioners, that race of avengers." Tchen's vision of a race of terrorists is the only thing that survives an all-consuming nihilism. It consecrates him after all, gives him an image, or what the author of *The Psychology of Art* will call an "anti-fate."

Malraux turned to art because the images that deny our nothingness are encountered there in a fraternal and more permanent context. But the world of art now includes the film, where speed factors itself into imagistic frames, or where the technical input is so great that we once again lose sight of the individual maker. And when we turn to modern painting or sculpture—there too speed meets us in the changeable style, the immense fertility of a Picasso, or in the very concept of metamorphosis itself. Central to Malraux's theory of art, it is said to have changed even the gods into pictures. It teaches us that no cultural values are absolute except as they are transformed by time. The work of the most solitary genius becomes fraternal despite itself. "We cannot separate," Malraux writes, "an important work from its metamorphosis, a 'Night-Watch' from what the centuries that followed believed they were seeing. It only exists within the framework of a dialogue, and it cannot be for us what it was for Rembrandt."

Malraux does not use "dialogue" lightly here. The epic history of art which he began to compose in the late 1930s animates all those silent pictures and statues made more available by photography—the "printing press" of the arts. Malraux was haunted by the life of images in time, their survival and change. A man like that should have been an iconoclast, someone so disturbed by the proliferation of images that he would have to destroy them. Yet the opposite happened. He became our greatest animator of paintings, sculptures and masks.

We feel the tension, however. His animating fury seems at times quasi-erotic. It is as if he could not tolerate the mute or masked nature of all those still-life photos. He emphasizes the distorted features of a certain kind of art and opposes it to the sealed expression of classical or Renaissance masterpieces. Under his reanimating gaze the art-image is restored to its character of colored effigy: something that has died, like love, into transcendence, or "the desolation of reality."

Fable, says Malraux somewhere, is the nude of the narrative mode. It is to his credit that he does not use the enticement of fable—some "legend of the centuries"—to interest us in his epic survey. But he does allow himself the metaphor which gives his most popular book its title: *The Voices of Silence*. We all know the definition of a poem as "a speaking picture"; and for Malraux artifacts from anywhere on earth are poems that speak to each other and to us. (The world of art too was intended to end as a fine book.) In Malraux's novels, of course, or such memoirs as *Felled Oaks* (on De Gaulle), there is a similar gift of stylized conversation that hovers midway between the charged exchanges of classical tragedy and Lucian's imaginary dialogues. The books on art are, in fact, a dialogue of the dead. Their author is a necromancer who knows that history writing is the nearest we will get to resurrection.

To "voice" his images, Malraux employs the principle of movie montage: a series of daring analogies supported by wonderfully glossy juxtapositions. Magic masks, nail-studded fetishes and grotesque gods mingle in his books with the suave portraits of Leonardo or Titian, or contorted but western modes of sculpture, from Romanesque churches to the period of Brancusi and Picasso. But the most important "dialogue" remains that between the west (even after it has assimilated African and Polynesian artifacts) and the "undying East."

Malraux founded that dialogue in 1926, with his first mature work, *The Temptation of the West*. It preceded *The Conquerers* and was clearly an outgrowth of his Indochina adventure, when he rescued—or stole—Khmer Buddhas from the Cambodian jungle. *The Temptation of the West* purports to be an exchange of letters between a Chinese student in Europe and a Frenchman in China. It diagnoses our western sickness unto action: a compelling game of self-alienation and self-isolation, totally different from the Oriental's careful extinction of the ego passions. This accelerating and strangely clairvoyant madness is what western art reveals in its galleries, movies and novels. According to Malraux, it all began in Greece where man was first singled out as an individual by the gods he invented to put him in question.

But today the gods have died, or entered the museum. So it is the museum that now questions us. In the book translated as *Picasso's Mask* (1976) Malraux returns at moments to his obsession with the east. Takanobu's portrait of the statesman Shigemori is called "the most imperative cross-examination of western art." Malraux's animating force rivals that of Pater as he describes the Japanese masterpiece:

> *Taira no Shigemori was a great minister around 1200. His life-size portrait—with legs crossed under an angular kimono that allows us a glimpse of the tiny and irreplaceable ornaments on the pale-blue, garnet and salmon-pink accessories—is a form of absolute geometry, as eternal as a triangle, as sovereign as a* Guernica *attuned to the cosmos: an ideogram of the word 'hero'. . . . The materials of the portrait seemed as fragile as butterfly wings, just on the point of crumbling into dust, and held together solely by the architecture of the work. As rigorous as a Braque collage, black gashes against a dead background. The character himself has as little importance as the real women Italy transformed into Venuses. Had it not been for a kind of intoning from the beyond, one would have tended to think in terms of Cubist construction or of the folded papers children make—birds, arrows, little boats. Actually, that ancestral portrait is a ship of death, topped by the face of the dead man being borne away. It was difficult not to think of the way other civilizations have signified man—of what Picasso called 'the Mask.' In this case, the Mask was the painting itself.* (Picasso's Mask, *translated and annotated by June*

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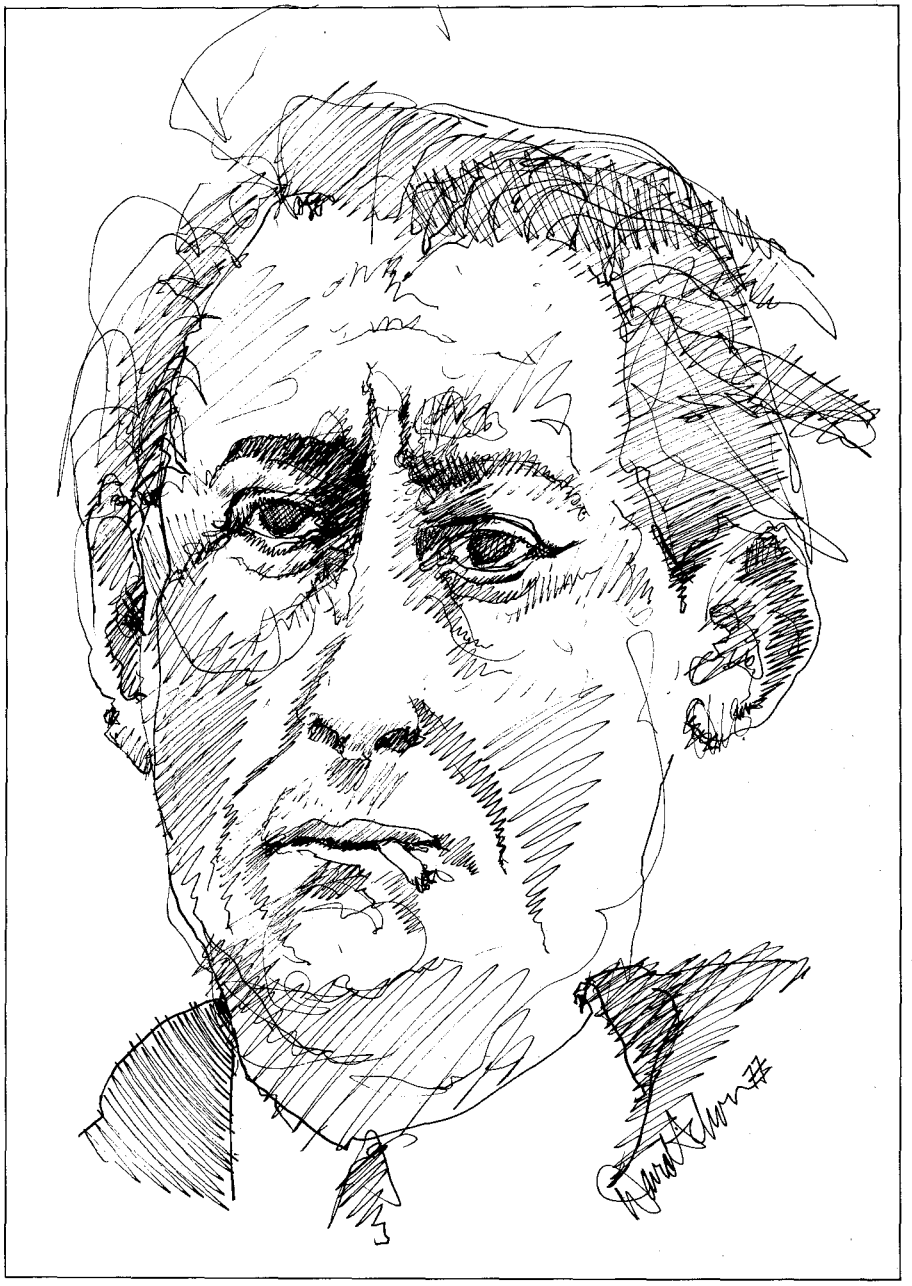

Guicharnaud with Jacques Guicharnaud.)

Malraux views art through the art we know, which has influenced us, given us our present eyes—Picasso, Braque, cubism and so forth. These modern mediations are not used, however, to jazz up a foreign work but rather to convey its fundamental austerity. What is intimated is that our museum must accommodate a style even more severe than was created in the period from Goya to Picasso. Malraux evokes an image that almost destroys itself as an image, a painting that denudes itself of its subject—here, one of the powerful men of Japan. *Shigemori* is more of a mask, more of a "mere painting" than the West has achieved. Haunted by the analogy between prehistoric art and the increasingly abstract and even ascetic mode of European painting after Cézanne, Malraux finds that Takanobu's "mask" has taken over the whole space of the painting, not only face but body as well.

Art is our sphinx, and Malraux has solved its riddle. There are no more secrets, he claims, now that we have recognized the convergence of east and west in the ascetic impulse that marks their greatest creations. But while in the east asceticism means peace, inaction, nirvana, in the west it denotes activism and possessiveness: erotic, religious, political furor. Consequently, the "art of Takanobu transforms ours into an art of antagonism. With the exception of subtle and private inclination restricted to Vermeer, Chardin and Braque, something in our works of art is always fighting something else. Compared to the great art of Asia, our painting. . .indeed, all of western art, from the first Christian figures to Van Gogh, seems clearly to be an art of devastation"*(Picasso's Mask).*

E.H. Gombrich objects slyly that Malraux wants mankind to be a super-Picasso. This is true in the sense that "Picasso" includes Goya, El Greco and a peculiarly Spanish art of devastation. But Malraux's real ideological debt was to Nietzsche and his view of the energizing and agnostic nature of Christian asceticism.

Nietzsche considered the death of God a logical outcome of the tortured image of Christ. That death must be proclaimed so as to confront western humanism with its real aim and temptation: self-transcendence through any means, including nihilism. Had Nietzsche lived to see the invention of film, that too might have been valued for its ascetic potential. Walter Benjamin, quoting Pirandello, noted in 1936 the alienation effect of moving pictures. They separate a person from his "aura" and deliver only his "shadow" to the public. The actor, whether movie star or public figure, is divested of real presence. He too becomes a mask.

I shall return to this view of technology as an advanced instrument of self-torture. Malraux's view of human history takes us by way of Pascal and Nietzsche very close to Freud's "The goal of life is death." That certainly is the goal of many of his heroes, terrorists, adventurers—mortals too conscious of mortality. Freud enunciated his *pensée* in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1920), a clearsighted tract with a title that fits Malraux's career.

Yet in the novels that follow *Man's Fate* Malraux modifies the western or activist hero's descent into hell, his willful torturing and testing of the self. The later heroes as they move toward their fate also move toward a more redemptive theme, increasingly associated with the world of art. It is the theme of the living rescued from the dead. When Vincent Berger remarks at the end of *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg*, "I know now what those ancient myths mean which tell of people snatched from the dead," he expresses Malraux's belief that the idea of man's survival on earth is more dependent on the evidence of art than on the evidence of history.

But what sort of *evidence* is art? And what evidence, in particular, is provided by modern art? Oswald Spengler's *The Decline of the West* (1918) provoked the young Malraux to a refutation that became an independent philosophy of

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art. Spengler charged the modernist movement with decadence. He asserted that all cultures were subject to a law of birth and death, to a life-cycle that went from barbarism to barbarism through a period of over-civilization. When a culture had reached the technocratic or over-refined stage it would have to rebarbarize itself. What caught Malraux's attention was, in addition to the general theory, Spengler's use of art as evidence. Modern art was for Spengler an obvious reflection of the decline of the west, because of its interest in primitive forms and rejection of the picture-space of the Renaissance—that magical third dimension which endowed the canvas with something of nature's own power of representation.

Spengler's book has faded, though Northrop Frye recently paid tribute to it. Yet its ambition to sketch the outlines of a "Morphology of World History" is only a little more grandiose than Malraux's *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, a secular epic in three volumes completed only last year. It was Spengler's opinion, and Malraux had to face it, that there was more intelligence, know-how and character in a good banking or engineering firm than in all of contemporary European art and music. "What are we offered today by that which calls itself 'Art'? A counterfeit music full of contrived noise produced by masses of instruments, a counterfeit painting full of idiotic, exotic and poster-like effects, a counterfeit architecture which every 10 years 'founds' a new style on forms out of the treasury of past centuries (and justifies in this way whatever it wants to do), a counterfeit sculpture which plagiarizes Assyria, Egypt and Mexico."

Malraux saw the hidden truth in that prejudice. What Spengler interpreted as over-refinement turning into barbarism was in fact a second and more broadly-based Renaissance. The revival of the gods by modern art showed that our culture differed from all others in not rejecting their pantheon or museum, but tolerating and even resuscitating it. Picasso, for example, through his understanding of African masks and fetishes, was preparing us for a world-wide resurrection of art forms. So Malraux retrieves Khmer statues from the Cambodian jungle and is almost killed trying to discover from the air the city of the Queen of Sheba.

Malraux's apology for modern art magnifies the cubist program, already enlarged by Picasso, into a new myth of the harrowing of hell. His novels converge similarly on the theme of the living snatched from a realm of death. There is a legend that Christ will some day descend into hell, to save the virtuous non-Christians. What Malraux called the "Museum Without Walls" incorporates and extends the myth. Artists like Picasso, and technological developments like photography and film, are now rescuing the world's hidden treasures. Once in the museum, however, gods or fetishes metamorphose into pictures and statues; and many modern works too are estranged from their original function. "What do we care," Malraux wrote in *The Voices of Silence*,"who 'The Man with the Helmet' or 'The Man with the Glove' may have been in real life? For us their names are Rembrandt and Titian. The men who sat for these portraits have lapsed into nonentity. The effect of the museum was to suppress the model in almost every portrait."

Thus the Museum Without Walls changes our entire conception of art. We realize that what other cultures considered as the transcendent or the "really real" is simply the power of man anywhere to break through the world of appearances. This breaking of nature's images, a form of iconoclasm, produces new images—abstract, distorted, stylized—to which we give the name of art, and that today express simply the artist's exorcism of a strange, insidious or overpowering world. It is our own creative strength we recognize, a violence from within pressing against a violence from without, as Wallace Stevens said of imagination.

One problem with Malraux's theory of art is the style which transmits it: his prose, like a chain of barely smoked cigarettes, extinguishes one insight in favor of the next. Contradictions are not explored but become part of a rhetorical surface that is intellectually hectic yet indulgently reminiscent. So concentrated, moreover, was Malraux on his own experience of art that he rarely acknowledged the thought of others: T.S. Eliot's concept of tradition, Valéry's and Walter Benjamin's observations on the way technology has penetrated our lives, and Lévi-Strauss's refusal (he is a true son of Picasso in this) to archeologize primitive thought.

That Malraux's theory may be based on the "negative classicism" of post-impressionist painting may also be problematic; but perhaps all theories of art have a parochial base and prove to be apologies for their time. Malraux has shown powerfully, in the light of the modern movement, how art is linked to a questioning of nature, to a "lucid horror of seduction" which allows man to survive the jungle of history and the internal jungle of his psychic combats. Even technology is part of that conception of art as an "anti-fate." Exorcism through the fetish or god-figure was the technology of art in the religious ages; now that the artist knows he is not portraying a sacred realm he must still break with nature either by the austere style of a Cézanne or by technological devices.

This anti-mimesis, or break with nature, is also seen, according to Malraux, in the life of the individual artist. He frees himself from nature by pastiching a great precursor's style. Giotto's sheep do not compete with real sheep but with those of Cimabue; but the young artist must then break with the seduction of the precursor, or the very style that helped him to question the "reality" imposed on him. It is always, then, the child that has to be overcome in the man; and perhaps, as the opening of *Anti-Memoirs* suggests, real manhood, real maturity, is out of reach. If there is a Malraux mystery after all, it masks itself here, in this repeated quest for virility and self-transcendence. But whatever his relation to his own childhood—a relation certainly as negative as Sartre's, or as that of Delacroix who said children didn't interest him because they were "episodic beings"—Malraux's psychology of art contains a remarkable theory of anti-mimesis, and all future esthetics will have to deal with it.

Geoffrey Hartman

Geoffrey Hartman is Professor of English at Yale.

Mahatma Gandhi and His Apostles by Ved Mehta

"The biography for the Seventies, which knows the importance of its subject but does not ask that the owner read it on his knees." —*Kirkus Reviews*

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VIKING

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Books Considered

Démocratie Française
by Valéry Giscard d'Estaing

(Fayard; 15 francs)

During the 1974 presidential elections Giscard d'Estaing attacked his left-wing opponent François Mitterand as a man of the old France: a land of ideologies, rhetoric and barricades. *Démocratie Française*, which was published with enormous publicity and sold 200,000 copies the first morning, is Giscard's vision of the new France. It has, however, the traditional virtues of the French education system: clarity, organization—four parts neatly divided into 12 chapters with a preface and a conclusion—an abstract vocabulary, references to Hugo and Voltaire. One cannot imagine that Jimmy Carter will write a book to explain his policies. But Giscard is writing because "the French mind, more than any other, feels the need to understand." So President Giscard elucidates and, although he talks of complexity, he reduces it to simplicity. He knows that humanity is not wholly good; indeed man is "a curiously aggressive animal, always prone to violence." But Giscard is optimistic: if man will only use his reason, he will conquer himself and the world. The key words in *Démocratie Française* are "knowledge, calm, understanding" and "harmony"; it is quite different from De Gaulle who talked of "glory, grandeur" and "chaos."

Giscard's analysis of contemporary France, while not original, is correct: "the country has changed, it is more different from the France of 1950 than this was from the France of 1870." It is retrospectively clear that the most important event in post-war French history was not De Gaulle's return to power nor the ending of the Algerian war but the belated arrival of mass industrialization. Launched by the Marshall Plan, guided by Jean Monnet and fostered by the much maligned Fourth Republic, the surge of industrialization has brought prosperity and trouble to France. De Gaulle's contribution was to provide political and monetary stability and perhaps to divert attention from what was happening. His foreign policy was a series of fireworks which masked the profound transformation. Now Giscard, who understands both the nostalgia for a rural France and the strains that come from rapid growth, is confronting the problem directly. His task is to bring the political and social system into line with the economic changes. Significantly *Démocratie Française* contains only seven banal pages on France's role in the world. This switch of emphasis is even more important than the shifts in foreign policy—such as support for a European parliament. At the same time Giscard has no use for what he considers the romanticism of the left. He wants to leave behind intolerant ideologies and dreams of revolution. He correctly criticizes the "needlessly dramatic nature of the political debate" in France. As class divisions grow less sharp, politics must become a matter of discussion and consensus. The models for France are Germany and Scandinavia, advanced societies with a high degree of cohesion.

Whereas De Gaulle insisted on the strength of the state, Giscard writes that the state is "only an instrument that exists to serve the nation." He dwells on the separation of powers and on decentralization, themes taken up at once by Raymond Aron who has hailed Giscard as a new de Tocqueville. And indeed Giscard has tried to soften the impact of power, at least by banning such obvious abuses as phone-tapping. He also seems to have absorbed Michel Crozier's criticism that French society is characterized by a remote, hierarchical brand of authority. Giscard demands that government agencies engage in "face to face" discussions with the people they serve. In the economic sphere he understands the importance of equality: "the battle against inequalities is one of the conditions of the anti-inflation struggle." In contemporary Europe people will simply not heed pleas for wage restraint, if they see a rich minority living lavishly. It is unfortunate for Giscard that a recent OECD report has criticized France as a country where inequality is unusually rampant. Giscard has tried to persuade his supporters that they must accept a capital-gains tax and in general conduct themselves like an enlightened upper class. But he has been only partially successful and he has alienated many people who may now line up behind Jacques Chirac.

Giscard's proposals are admirable but they have two flaws. Firstly he is vague and utopian. On housing he promises to build fewer apartments and far more houses, something that cannot possibly be done. On education he does not explain in any detail the changes he wants to make; yet, when his first reforms were made public, they aroused widespread disturbances in the French universities. Secondly, he is still relying on high economic growth. It will, he maintains, be a different kind of growth from the brutal form to which the French have been exposed. It will be accompanied by environmental safeguards and consumer protection. But these will surely reduce the chances of growth which in any case seems unlikely; in fact the French economy has deteriorated since *Démocratie Française* was published in mid-October. Yet Giscard needs growth because only an expanding economy will enable him to pay for his reforms without imposing an intolerable burden on his own supporters. If the economy does not expand, then a stronger case might be made for the more radical changes which the left sporadically proposes: nationalization of the banks or a tax on capital.

This leads one to the immediate political situation. Giscard's book was held back while Barre replaced Chirac and the anti-inflation plan was introduced. Now it may be read as the announcement of a new policy and of a new presidential majority that runs from the disgruntled Gaullists on the right to the "collectivists" on the left. For collectivism is the demon in Giscard's universe. Although he claims that his democracy is a middle road between Marxism and liberalism, he is much, much harder on Marxism. More important: he names no names, but he continually assimilates the Socialist party to the Communist party and both of them to Eastern European communism. Not only does he deny the existence of what is rather vaguely called "Eurocommunism," but he also sets the French left as it is now constituted outside the limits of French politics. This partisan plea introduces a polemic note that jars with his demand for reasoned debate. Surely the French left is changing just as the right is. But Giscard's tactical purpose is clear: he

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will conduct a hard-line campaign to split the Socialist-Communist alliance and to win over a segment of the Socialist vote.

The consequences of this attack on the left are great. Giscard agrees that "alternance"—political groups harmoniously succeeding one another in government—is the mark of an advanced society; but he denies that it can take place in present-day France. It is reserved for countries where "the principal political families share the same concept of social organization," whereas "the state of ideological divorce which characterizes French society . . . is at the moment opposed to this form of harmony." But if the left is an illegitimate group that cannot be allowed to come to power, then its voters too are excluded. And in fact approximately 45 percent of the electorate have been shut out since 1962 and 20 percent—the Communist voters who are the economically weakest section—have been shut out since 1947. It is hard to see how this can be reconciled with Giscard's vision of a pluralist society. His view of authority suddenly looks very traditional: the right is meant to rule, the left to protest. Giscard is perpetuating what he professes to abhor. Moreover, what is he going to do if his tactic fails and the left wins the parliamentary elections of '78? After this attack Giscard will find great difficulty in cooperating with a Socialist prime minister. He will have two choices: to call a new election or to resign. Either will precipitate precisely the kind of crisis he claims he does not want.

Patrick McCarthy

Patrick McCarthy, currently a fellow at the Johns Hopkins Center for Foreign Policy Research, is the author of *Céline: A Critical Biography* (Viking).

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Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews (Fourth Series) ed. by George Plimpton

(Viking; $14.95)

"Gossip is the very stuff of literature," notes Wilfrid Sheed in his introduction to the latest volume of *Paris Review* interviews, an institution which owes its celebrated status to the ever-increasing demand for that commodity. Articles about the New York literary world, books about the *New York Review of Books* and pseudo-sociological treatises on the "intellectual elite," journals about journalism, columns that purport to take us "behind the scenes" of the publishing world: who now would endorse Gertrude Stein's observation that "Anecdotes are not literature"?

Writers at Work is said by Sheed to "represent the authors' contributions to their own gossip"; if it did, these interviews would be far livelier than they are. But writers are generally reluctant to talk either about their work or about themselves, and the *Paris Review* interviewers, defeated by this stubborn reticence, invariably subside into polite discussions of "craft," doggedly pursuing their subjects with vague, predictable queries: "Do you enjoy writing?" "Is there a particular picture of the world which you wish to develop?" "What is the purpose of poetry?" Impatient and perplexed, the mutinous writers respond with amiable generalities. "Droll, intelligent, and courtly, a sort of humanistic global gossip"—as Auden's interviewer describes his talk—they dispense mild *aperçus* and ignore any aggressive questions inadvertently blurted out, rather in the manner of a polite host at a dinner party embarrassed by some voluble guest. John Updike is a master of this mandarin urbanity: "The universe science discloses to us is farcically unrelated to what our primitive senses report"; "To create a coarse universal figure like Tarzan is in some ways more of an accomplishment than the novels of Henry James." If only people really talked this way! But they seldom do, and the moments of intimate, impassioned revelation are as rare in these interviews as they are in life. The prevailing tone is one of solemnity, John Dos Passos observing that writing enables "you to get a great deal off your chest" or John Steinbeck proclaiming, "In utter loneliness a writer tries to explain the inexplicable."

Still, the point of these interviews, I suppose, is to cater to our eager curiosity about the personalities of the writers whose works we read. "What I create must, and for me does, soar free of whatever the facts were," Updike justifiably insists; but some facts are no less illuminating than fiction, and the introductions, where the subjects and the interviews' *mise en scènes* are described, provide the intimate glimpse of their lives missing from the conversations themselves. Isak Dinesen, "slim, straight, chic, dressed in black, with long black gloves and a Parisian hat," is seen first at a sidewalk cafe in Rome's Piazza Navona, then at a fashionable restaurant, and finally strolling on the parapets of the Castle of Sermonetta. Chatting with a natural charm and grace as she browses among the Etruscan Collection in the Villa Giulia, Dinesen resembles more a character out of *The Marble Faun* or *Portrait of a Lady* than an author submitting to a formal interview. Robert Graves in Majorca, "setting the table, correcting a manuscript, checking references, cutting his nails with an enormous pair of scissors, picking carrots, singing folk songs, and slicing beans"; Borges in Buenos Aires among his books, exhibiting "now a looming curiosity, now a shy, almost pathetic incredulity"; Updike on the Vineyard, "barrelling down Edgartown's narrow main street" in a "beat-up Corvair—a barefoot, tousle-haired young man dressed in khaki Bermudas and a sweatshirt": these brief portraits are worth hours of recorded talk.

One notable exception is the interview with Jack Kerouac, a display of uncanny, manic raving that exerts a lurid fascination. From the moment the band of poets—Ted Berrigan, Aram Saroyan and Duncan McNaughton—descend on his house in Lowell, Massachusetts (and are nearly ejected by his protective wife) until the tape runs out many drinks and hours later, Kerouac holds forth with a weird garrulity that rivals any of his novels. Endlessly ramified tales of his travels in the '50s interspersed with Zen parables and esoteric lore about Gotama Sakyamuni and the Sixth Patriarch Hui-Neng, impromptu performances on the piano and harmonica, recitals of hysterical poetry all merge in a random, cacophonous blur. Kerouac's account of

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the Buddha's journey to enlightenment is characteristic:

Now . . . (demonstrates posture) . . . I will cross my legs . . . and grit my teeth until I find the cause of death. Two o'clock in the morning, 100,000 phantoms assailed him . . . Four o'clock in the morning the mad maniacs of hell . . . came out of manhole covers . . . in New York City . . . You take off them covers—yaaaaaahhh!!!!!

and so on. Obviously, a little of this sort of thing goes a long way, but at least it has the character of speech. Readers with less anarchic sensibilities will no doubt find Auden's humor more congenial. Reciting favorite lines of bad poetry that would have been ideal captions for a Thurber cartoon, he supplies two of his own:

Isobel with her leaping breasts
Pursued me through a summer . . . .

And it is good to have Eudora Welty's sample from a story written when she was 16: "Monsieur Boule inserted a delicate dagger in Mademoiselle's left side and departed with a poised immediacy."

The format of *Writers at Work* has been responsible for a new genre: the "fabricated interview"—as Updike's interviewer defines it—in which the subject is given an opportunity to polish and revise his spoken prose, thus producing what is, "in a modest way, a work of art." Some, like Nabokov, are so guarded about what they commit to print that almost no trace of a genuine interview survives at all; his interviewer, Herbert Gold, arrived at the Montreux-Palace Hotel to find "an envelope waiting for him—the questions had been shaken up and transformed into an interview." (Gold does describe Nabokov's rooms, appearance and wife, so there must have been at least a brief audience.) Even so, the *Paris Review* interviews are by now as familiar a feature of our talkative era as the Goncourt Brothers' *Journals* were of theirs, even if they are at times impersonal or tedious. The latest volume is just as comprehensive as its predecessors, no small distinction considering the formidable voices—or texts—gathered in earlier collections: Bellow, Forster, Pound, Eliot, Mailer, Faulkner and Huxley, to name only a few. Together they constitute a sort of offical certification, a minor version of the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade.

James Atlas

James Atlas is completing a critical biography of Delmore Schwartz.

The Governance of Britain by Harold Wilson

(Harper & Row; $10.95)

For one who has been a British schoolboy, a French *étudiant*, and an American newsman for two decades, the contrast between different democracies has eternal appeal. Democracy is not only more varied but less structured than authoritarian government; as Pierre Biarnès of *Le Monde* has pointed out, the reason socialist systems fail in underdeveloped countries is that Marxism places the onus of government on the civil service, and can therefore only hope to succeed in the sort of highly developed, educated, experienced, wealthy societies least likely to go Marxist—Sweden is perhaps the wealthy, socialist exception which proves the rule.

Anyone tutored in Britain tends to be shocked by the relative underdevelopment of democracy in France—whose revolution started the chain of democratic reforms in the west—and initially knocked breathless with admiration by the almost anarchic freedoms of the United States. Harold Wilson, the slightly condescending Oxford don who was for eight years (divided by a period in opposition) the social-democrat prime minister of Britain, does not challenge the greater openness of government in America: his argument for the British system is the classic one of how much democracy is consonant with efficacy.

The obvious interest in this book lies in its timing, with Britain in a morbid state of economic, monetary and political crisis. Sober commentators now envisage the sick man of Western Europe, a nation apparently in search of a Cromwell or an Atatürk, settling wearily, like an old ship on a mudflat, into some peculiarly British symbiosis of fascism and communism. There seems little doubt (judging from interviews last summer with a wide political spectrum in the House of Commons) that Scotland and Wales will be sufficiently disaffected to declare their independence in about five years' time.

In this context of rampant crisis, Wilson is disappointing, for he loyally writes as though the British system was working well. Certainly, some of the characteristics of British government which he describes are attractive, at least superficially. Britain's cabinet, for instance, is a governing committee, whose members share joint responsibility for all decisions, including those they may individually have opposed; the first minister is *primus inter pares*. All ministers are members of one of the two houses of parliament. Their quaintly named "principal private secretaries" are both junior ministers and parliamentarians, in apprenticeship for cabinet office, notably by replacing their ministers at question time—a weekly free-for-all between government and opposition.

All posts junior to this belong to the civil service. Britian's equivalent of assistant secretary for East Asian and Pacific affairs would always be a foreign service officer. The equivalents of assistant secretaries of defense would similarly be faceless men, never generals or other political appointees. In the cabinet office, the equivalent of a Haldeman or a Colson would be some overworked trustie from the treasury or some other major ministry. The cabinet secretary—the equivalent of the White House chief of staff—would remain, whether his "PM" was a Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford or Carter.

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between the (often sudden) dissolution of the House of Commons and general elections, this figure and his staff prepare two Queen's Speeches: one assuming the re-election of the incumbents, laying out policy guidelines already well known; the other, assuming victory by the opposition, and based on that party's election manifesto and other indications. The incoming premier will edit and amend, with some cabinet discussion, then rush the typescript to the palace for the Queen to read to herself before coming to Parliament to read it as "her" speech. It is whimsical to think of some middle-aged Fabian composing stanzas about free enterprise for an incoming Edward Heath, and going home each night to watch soccer on the tube, or an Old Etonian arguing the merits of nationalizing insurance, then departing for a weekend of golf at the country club. It is not for nothing that debating prizes in British schools go mostly to those who regularly defend causes in which they do not believe.

Wilson's book is no essay in style. His fusty humor is that of a country parson. He gives us few anecdotes, but those he chooses are illuminating. Churchill (as many others have recounted) chaired cabinet meetings poorly, indulging in irrelevant digressions, tolerating those of others, and sometimes not completing the first item on the agenda. The apparently mild-mannered Attlee was rigidly efficient, not above being rude to a minister to make his intervention brief and pointed. Heath's cabinet personality matched his public persona: he insisted on his colleagues calling him "Mr." Prime Minister—a prefix-title which even a government chauffeur would not think of using—and forbade smoking.

Wilson's chapter comparing the transatlantic democracies reflects the bewilderment of most British students of the American system. He sees the American tendency for the executive and control of the legislature to belong to opposing parties as a pure disadvantage. But he is obviously right in saying that it is manifestly easier for a British leader to enact his legislative program—even, as was the case at one time for Wilson, with a Commons majority of one.

Rigid treasury control over "spending bills" virtually eradicates pork-barreling from the British system—although it does not eradicate favoritism in government contracts. Except for a few ambassadorial appointments, there is virtually no patronage, and the idea of an elected judge would leave most Britons speechless. There is much to be said for the bargain-basement price of election campaigning in the mother country. Campaigning for the party leadership—the equivalent of the presidential nomination—costs almost nothing.

One basic difference between American and European politics is the absence of ideologies in the US Congress. American politics is essentially a contest of personalities and tribes—using the latter term to encompass not only ethnic but also regional and special-interest groupings. This produces undisciplined parties which, as Wilson implies, are only marriages of convenience between a wide spectrum of factions. He agrees that British parties are also, more and more, coalitions, and calls the much-divided Labour party a "broad church."

Partly because of the absence of real parties, the US has no opposition leader to marshal forces opposed to the White House, until four months before an election. An anarchic Congress can overrule America's treaty negotiators or make hasty appeals to the approval of galvanized minority factions. Such frivolous politics on the grand scale—for instance, the Turkish arms embargo—is virtually impossible in Commons—indeed, in Europe. There is also something to be said for separating the serious business of a chief of government from the time-consuming monotonies of a chief of state, not to speak of the constitutional advantages of not having a half-king, half-premier who can overstay his welcome. In Canada, for instance, a Nixon would have been ousted early in 1973 by his own party, for the good of the party, and replaced by the party's new leader.

But Wilson glosses over the demerits of the British system—the undemocratic inadequacies of press briefings, the quasi-military passion for secrecy and cover-up, the appalling childishness of noisy parliamentary behavior. He approves of the strange tradition whereby prime ministers appoint all Anglican bishops and archbishops—a result of the fact that the nearly powerless monarch is the head of the Church of England. The church apparently doesn't mind, since to disestablish religion would remove the right of bishops to sit in the House of Lords.

Curiously, Wilson barely mentions the Lords, although their future is currently the most important constitutional debate in Britain. An appointive senate is clearly open to criticism on many grounds, and a largely hereditary one even more so: to have a legislature seat for life for having defeated Rommel in the desert or for designing a garden city is hardly democratic; to have one because some forebear loaned his money to the Stuarts or his wife to George III is patently kooky. Since Labour has a guaranteed minority in Lords, Wilson may have been over-anxious not to espouse a cause which might look partisan in a book which is, on the whole, admirably non-partisan. But his reluctance to deal with this and other blots on Britain's democratic escutcheon must also reflect the unwillingness of Britain's present Establishment, Tory and Socialist, to face the need for radical change and more imaginative leadership.

Russell Warren Howe

Russell Warren Howe is co-author of *The Power Pedlars*, an investigation of foreign lobbying in Washington which will be published next month (Doubleday).

The Death of Venice by Stephen Fay and Phillip Knightley

(Praeger; $10)

Death and Venice are no strangers to each other. Ever since those mythic days of the fifth century when refugees fleeing the barbarian invaders settled on the alluvial islands of the Venetian lagoon, the problems of staying alive have been daily and dramatic occurrences. Saving the city, keeping it afloat, preserving it with its treasures, its beauty, its mysterious and magical attractiveness to everyone who has ever seen it and to those who have only read about it, and still to keep it a living, breathing place worthy of its history and contributing to its own life and future—these concerns have been present for centuries. That they are now world problems to an extent they never were before and not specifically Venetian or Italian problems is one of the sad facts in the pathetic story which this book relates, the message of which is quickly

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relayed by the dust jacket's sub-title: "The scandalous story of bureaucratic inertia and political dishonesty behind Venice's gradual slipping into the sea."

The high tide of interest in Venice's welfare came after the great flood of 1966 when the world realized how quickly the city was likely to be lost. Saving Venice became the thing. Everyone has known for a long time that Venice was sinking, and many people knew that it was owing to a combination of hydrological and geological causes: the draining off of the underground waters by the enormous and busy industrial districts and harbors of Mestre and Marghera on the mainland, as well as the steadily rising level of the Adriatic, which flows in and out of the lagoon, because of the melting of the polar ice cap. But the level of the water in the canals and in the lagoon was not and is not the only problem facing Venice. Just as important and just as damaging are the pollution of both water and air; the high and constant humidity and salinity; the ejection, sometimes accidental, sometimes deliberate, even though it is of course against the law, of fuel oil; the accelerating depopulation of the city to Mestre and Marghera so that large sections of it stand deserted and crumbling; the continual battering against foundations of the waves from speeding motor boats and from the oil tankers and cargo vessels which pass through the city; and even the droppings of the pigeons so foolishly beloved by Venetians, tourists and nature lovers alike.

All this came into sharp focus after the catastrophic night of November 4, 1966, when Piazza San Marco was flooded to a height of five feet and huge waves beat against the side of the Basilica. This time something must be done about it, the world cried out, even though "it" was a process which had been going on for hundreds of years, with Venetian laws to do something about it dating from at least the middle of the 14th century. Committees were formed; manifestos were promulgated; editorials, articles and books were written; resolutions were passed; money, vast amounts of it, was raised; labor, time and love were expended lavishly. The acts of participation and cooperation were generous, prompt and worldwide, with two significant exceptions: the Italians did not do much to help, and the Venetians, as a body, did even less.

In *The Death of Venice*, Stephen Fay and Phillip Knightley, both British journalists, have written a tale of depressing governmental indifference and negligence. They present a crushing indictment of Italian politicians for almost every aspect of their handling of the Venetian question, and especially for their part in the disappearance of the Venetian loan—hundreds of millions of dollars raised in international money markets and through private donations, none of which has ever reached the city it was intended to save. The money was, apparently, disbursed in one of many vain attempts to bolster the Italian lira. In desperate tones, Fay and Knightley describe one governmental act of ineptitude and mismanagement after another; they are, at the same time, quick to praise the devoted and high-minded attempts by individuals and institutions around the world to prop up a building here or a monument there all the while that whole areas surrounding them are collapsing. The book makes chilling reading and ends with a vision of the death of Venice far more ignominious than would be its sinking beneath the sea.

The tragedy of it all is that Venice is dying, inevitably and inexorably. None of the passionate pleas of Fay and Knightley or of all the other good people who love Venice—"mankind's most beautiful artifact," as Bernard Berenson called her—will save her. The Venetians won't. They will continue to leave for the mainland where there are jobs, housing, central heating, automobiles, and all the other "conveniences" of industrial society. And who can blame them? Those who stay will be the inhabitants of the slums—beautiful slums, but still slums. Or they will be the very rich, living on the upper and only inhabitable floors of their decaying *palazzi*, apathetic about their fate, comfortable enough much of the year in their homes elsewhere, and much like one elegant patrician who, after watching a team of foreign conservators work on flaking church wall, said: "I am tired of having my city treated as if it were some old whore in need of rehabilitation."

Another and more powerful group which either does not much care about saving Venice, is mired in its own bureaucratic helplessness, or believes that other things come first is that of the politicians in Rome. Fay and Knightley quote Peter Nichols, the Rome correspondent of *The Times*, who wrote: "'A straightforward Italian politician asked straightforwardly yes or no would agree that probably the best thing that could happen to Venice would be that it

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would sink, and the sooner the better.'" They go on to say that "one of the last acts of the Christian Democratic Government before it finally fell in May 1976, was to hustle through Parliament a law cancelling all the anti-pollution regulations—including those imposed on the Porto Marghera and Mestre industrialists by the Special Law to Save Venice. A new set of regulations were announced but the industrialists were given until 1985 to comply with them. As well, all court actions pending against them for breaches of the anti-pollution laws they had already committed were ordered to be dropped."

It would take a miracle to save Venice. The question is no longer if it dies, nor when; it will be soon. The question is only how. As a museum city—"the ultimate Williamsburg," in Jan Morris's phrase—its life behind the facades would be as flat and as empty as that of a movie set. But an even more shameful end to the life of Venice is the one prophesied by Fay and Knightley: a ghost town, its people gone; large parts of it abandoned or torn up and removed, stone by stone, to other tourist havens such as Disneyworld or Lake Havasu; the interior of the Fenice dismantled and reconstructed in the shell of a theatre in Mestre. . . .

It would be a degrading and miserable finale. Better that the death of Venice be with a bang, not a whimper. Better that it sink once and for all beneath the waves in a final marriage with the sea than to degenerate in a limbo of perpetual care and of piecemeal and cosmetic patching up. The sea will be less harsh and less cruel than a simulated survival, ringed by the fumes of petrochemical plants and the roar of superhighways.

J.M. Edelstein

J.M. Edelstein is chief librarian of the National Gallery of Art.

Reconsideration

C. Wright Mills

I can remember the impact that C. Wright Mills's work had on us as undergraduates in the late '50s. He seemed like the one bold spirit in the gray, gray crew of American social science. As it happens I wasn't then much interested in social science but Mills's polemical tract of 1958, *The Causes of World War Three*, captured the irrational atmosphere of that era perfectly: the cold war, the Dulles policy of armed deterrence and "massive retaliation," the cheerful preparations for nuclear armageddon. When Mills (like Sartre) also took up the cause of Castro's Cuba—against an increasingly hostile American policy there—we cheered. (Castro in his pre-Leninist phase was another of our idols: the compleat hippie revolutionary.) I knew that my elders at Columbia considered Mills shallow and unsound, a dangerous simplifier—and the part of me that was inoculated against ideology, that considered the world too ambiguous and complex for any sweeping theories, shared their misgivings. Later, after his death, when his collected essays, *Power, Politics, and People*, appeared in 1963, one reviewer could assert complacently that poor Mills had disintegrated well-meaningly from a crack professional to a crude polemicist in his last years.

Somehow, though Mills's work was widely taught in the decade that followed, the judgment stuck. He was no longer around to develop his position and keep in touch with the new culture he had fostered (as Paul Goodman and Herbert Marcuse could). A glance at a late essay like "Culture and Politics" (1959) shows the weakness of such a schematic view of Mills's career. Far from revealing the decline of a good sociologist into a bad editorialist, the essay more than makes up in pointed generalization for what it lacks in empirical data. From early on in his career Mills was no statistics man swimming in jargon but an almost novelistic observer of social change and the distribution of social power, the kind of observer who is also a citizen, who is committed, who makes judgments. He concludes *White Collar* (1951) with a troubled analysis of the political indifference of the men of the "new middle classes" (who are "not radical, not liberal, not conservative, not reactionary; they are inactionary; they are out of it"). In the chapter on intellectuals, "Brains, Inc.," he shows how more and more of the educated have become technicians and corporate hired-hands, "unable to face politics except as news and entertainment," while "the remaining free intellectuals increasingly withdraw. . .they lack the will."

He goes on to attack "the cult of alienation" (the cherished despair of the literary culture) and "the fetish of objectivity" (the pose of the technician in the social sciences). The *Angst* of the former, he says, is a rationalization of political defeat, "a fashionable way of being overwhelmed," while the "narrowed attention" of the latter is uncritical: it bespeaks the man "who assumes as given the big framework and the political meaning of his operation within it." Mills himself is the prototype of the advocacy intellectual of the '60s, self-conscious about the social role of his profession and imbued with an old-fashioned sense of the moral and political responsibility of the intelligentsia (a commitment that differs from that of the Old Left in its loyalty to the truth, not simply to the Cause).

In "Culture and Politics" Mills takes up one of the chief themes of his earlier work: the growing inadequacy of liberalism and socialism, our two chief social models, to account for the changes in American (or Soviet) society in the last decades. Both models, he says, presume a degree of citizen rationality—whether we call it political awareness, class-consciousness, or economic self-interest—which could bring power in society under the sway of the popular will. But in both major nations democracy has been thwarted by overdevelopment, the expansion of corporate, state, or military power, the growth of bureaucracy, and the proliferation of unheard-of means of manipulating opinion.

In *White Collar* Mills had zestfully analyzed our departures from the classical models—from small-scale competitive individualism and the traditional proletariat; his aim was to bring the 19th century up to date. But Mills's late work is darkened by the increasing irrationality of the rationalization of the system: something has gotten out of hand which defeats analysis, defeats planning, destroys the possibility of choice.

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He fears that "the ideas of freedom and reason have become moot; that increased rationality may not be assumed to make for increased freedom." Mills's chief targets are the highly rational—and insane—preparations for a third world war, the gradual convergence of the politics and social systems of the two superstates, and the dominance of both by powerful elites who make a democracy "more a formal outline than an actuality."

This last point would be further developed by Marcuse in the '60s, though not from Mills's more libertarian perspective. Perhaps dominated by his experience of German totalitarianism, Marcuse would depict the individual entrapped in a Kafkaesque vise, in which every apparent increase in freedom would actually signify another turn of the screw. Mills, like Paul Goodman, was basically an optimist in the American mold. (It took many years for Marcuse to acknowledge the "new spirit" among the young, which Mills and Goodman were already writing about in 1960.) Mills considered himself a "radical humanist" whose faith was that man makes his own history, and even the rise of powerful elites he took, quite inconsistently, as evidence that "the scope and the chance for conscious human agency in history-making are just now uniquely available."

Within a year after he wrote these words in "Culture and Politics" Mills was emboldened by the first signs of a New Left awakening in many countries. The year 1960 was a year of worldwide student outbreaks: riots which shook anti-Communist governments in Turkey, Japan and South Korea; the Aldermaston march against nuclear weapons in England; even the United States, which did not yet conform to this global pattern of student politicization, saw the beginnings of civil disobedience, from lunch-counter sit-ins in the South to a massive sit-in against the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco, in which more than 600 people were arrested.

In his famous letter to the *New Left Review* in England Mills welcomed these developments, and disagreed with those in the New Left who clung to the working class as the agent of historical change. "Such a labor metaphysic," he said, "is a legacy from Victorian Marxism that is now quite unrealistic." Instead he nominated "the young intelligentsia" as the harbingers of a new society.

In time Mills's antagonists, the spokesmen for the end of ideology, would seize upon another intelligentsia, the technical intelligentsia, as the agents of their own brand of social change—"technetronic" rather than humanistic, elitist rather than participatory. In 1961 the reign of the expert and the whiz-kid would begin in Washington, the annointing of the intellectual-as-technician whose ominous emergence Mills had noted 10 years earlier. Cased in his own ideological blinders, impervious even to intelligence data, this whiz-kid would do what Eisenhower and Dulles, for all their cold-war rhetoric, never had done: take us to war to save the world from communism. The home-front battle between these two intelligentsias in the '60s would reveal an America caught at a crossroad of history, torn between two violently conflicting social ideals.

Morris Dickstein

Morris Dickstein's Gates of Eden: American Culture in the Sixties will be published in February (Basic Books).

The Back of the Book

But What Good Will It Do?

Undergraduates may have stopped asking what the good of a particular education is, feeling the answer implicit in the fact that the good of physics is that it allows one to apply to medical school; but if students are no longer troubled by the wider correspondences between their education and lives, they ought to be, and so should we. Those with a literary education ought to be especially troubled, for no college subject is more sneered at than English, unless it's Greek, specifically on grounds of uselessness. Yet the study of literature is no less useful than any other study, and in fact offers three essential skills—observation, learning and judgment—which the world sometimes values.

Practiced seriously, these three skills add up to an interesting bent of mind. Whether in or outside a university, a literary education can do a good deal, not only for one's eyesight, powers of organization, and opinions, but for one's temperament as well, as used year after year it develops a certain distant authority over experience. The literary mind is not the fiercely inquisitive mind, and shows none of the blatant intensity or spiritual meanderings of scientists. Nor is it the perspicacious mind of historians—not only does it not seek to know everything in a given situation, but such knowledge is often a disadvantage. In a word, the literary mind is inspective: at its best lending one's personality a firm and modest quality, like Matthew Arnold's, who stayed an inspector of schools most of his life; at its worst dividing the personality into Gogol's village and his Inspector General, an anxious fraud and a pompous one.

Harvard's internal combustions of '68, '69 and '70 offered some memorable examples of the uses of a literary education and of the correspondence between education and conduct generally. No group was more confused during these years than the faculty, and its responses to such events as the take-over of university buildings, the pushing-around of deans, the disruption of classes, the harassment of professors, the re-organization of faculty meetings, the abolition of ROTC, sudden changes in the curriculum, protests from Cambridge residents, and a lot more, eventually broke down into categories.

Most members of the history department were firmly opposed to student strikes and wanted to punish all offenders. Most members of the classics department were outraged by the disruptions, and said so, loudly, to each other. Members of the physics department, on the other hand, were sympathetic to dissident demands or feelings; so were the sociologists. Members of the economics department split down the middle—a sort of balance of payments—and were supportive or scornful depending on what brand of economics they preached. Members of the government department split likewise, but unlike the classicists usually ran *toward* the trouble, no matter what side they were on, in order to set up a committee as soon as possible. Fine arts and athletics railed at the disruptors (they called themselves "moderates" and called the sym-

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pathizers "radicals" who called *them* "conservatives" and themselves "liberals"). Chemistry and biology were sympathetic. And the English department—bless its capacious heart—was everything, representing all sides, seeing all positions, and the connections among positions, lending equal numbers of leaders and hermits to the revolution.

What could better have shown the strength of a literary education as it applied to experience, specifically a situation of crises? In an atmosphere of violence and panic, with so many sides tugging at each other from fanatic polarities, with a venerable institution coming apart from within and attacked from without, in a national mood of immense—we forget how immense—fear and anxiety, someone who could see the arrangement of things, could understand how they got there, and make a deliberate judgment of value, even a number of values, was to be listened to. If nothing else, he was a source of calm, for he appeared calm himself. Everything in his training taught him not only to see order in chaos, but to make order of chaos, which in part was what the times required.

In part. But if the Harvard riots showed a literary education in a favorable light, it showed its weakness as clearly, and for the same reasons. Most of the English faculty stayed out of the fray, avoiding factions, or, as they were called, caucuses. That was judicious, prudent. It allowed one to see the arrangement of things. A few members headed full steam into the pandemonium, but once there, again, they responded by seeing the arrangement of things; and while they could draw moral conclusions, found it difficult to act on them, or to urge concrete action on others. They were marvellously prepared to inspect the situation, but that was all.

In a university, of course, one hardly notices such omissions. A university's business is to inspect some situation or other, so one more inspector come to the fore is not going to be criticized merely for inaction. The central activity of a literary life is to inspect a construct apart from action; one is doing one's best by *not* acting. This is why practitioners often look so serene in crises; why English professors are often selected as college presidents; and why trustees are grateful that college is a non-profit business. Noticed or not, however, inaction was still an error of omission, an error tracable to the education of those who made it.

While a literary education sets one up beautifully for specific intellectual accomplishments, even dazzlements, in the long run it proves to be an insufficient education because it is uninterested in (and so implicitly denies) action as a consequent of thought. Therefore, someone in a position of leadership following the dictates of such an education will often perceive and reveal remarkably intricate patterns in an event, and then proceed on a course entirely unrelated to his prior analysis.

There must be a reason for this, and it may be fear. Not fear of action as a fear for oneself—literary people are no more fearful than normal people—but fear as the principal instrument of criticism. A work of art is mysteriously put together. It should be a most fearful excursion to address it, pry it open, break and enter, and try to understand it, particularly when your main purpose is to approach a truth about others, about yourself.

Proceed from fear in the pursuit of truth, and the question of action is from another world, another sort of mind. The critic is always dealing with some view of human perfection. His energy is spent discovering how close one (the artist) can come to perfection, including himself in the pursuit. When he arrives at his conclusion, he says so without a question mark, unless it's rhetorical. Like the work of art he looks at, he has come so far, reaching for his own form of sublimity; and nothing logically follows. Or rather, anything can follow, for the end has been in the investigation all along.

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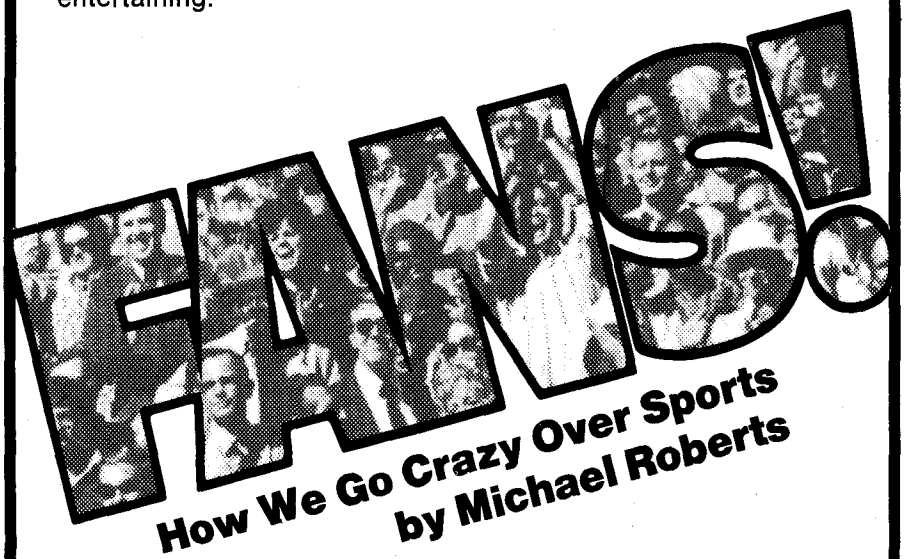

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Yet investigation has a place of its own, particularly given the state of modern American culture. What have we got for a culture these days but the most idiotically stratified society, characterized by separate compartments of taste, race, education, age, marital status, income, neighborhoods, art, music, movies, restaurants, clothes and everything else by which people can stay apart from each other? Any day's paper shows the country in more cultural disarray than Harvard ever was in its doldrums. And the disarray is adamant: each group doing its best to identify itself away from every other group, and so solidify its independence.

That the independence is bogus any dope can see. Or can he? To those with a literary education the stratification of American culture is not merely painfully clear, but painfully contrived—the inventions of commercial interests, for the most part, whose burning intent is to isolate markets. So we get family restaurants, family movies, family television, singles bars and retirement villages. So we read publications like *New York* magazine or *Boston* or *Atlanta* or *The Washingtonian* in which the vision of American life is colored beige and brown and is concentrated on a hair-cut. Nonsense it seems, but nonsense it isn't. This culture that ought to be fluid and cooperative in its parts goes burrowing in its several tunnels, while the picture of the whole, to say nothing of the well-being of the whole, is blurred out of existence.

Here is the contingency for a literary education. No education is complete, but this is one whose particular incompleteness allows for a harmonious view of a segregated world. All by itself it won't improve that world, except perhaps by spreading the news. But it's a "use." Living alertly in one's times is a "use."

Roger Rosenblatt

Correction

Re TNR, Dec. 18 ("The Poetry of Allen Grossman"): *And the Dew Lay All Night Upon My Branch* is published by Aleph Press ($4.50). There were two typographical errors in the presentation. The first line of the poem *Lilith* should read "I was the first made woman"; in the last paragraph of David Bromwich's essay "discrete" is misspelled. We regret the mistakes.

Correspondence, *from page 9*

San Francisco Blues

To the editors:

I was pleased to read Mr. Allman's article about San Francisco ("San Francisco Blues," *TNR*, Dec. 4, 1976). Sometimes your magazine ignores the existence of our fabled state and fabled city for too long.

Mr. Allman's article was insightful, although it contained nebulosities of thought which your Eastern readers might have missed—but which they probably are none too concerned about anyway. For instance, at the beginning of the article, he mentions the contributions to what is loosely regarded as "San Francisco culture" by those cities across the bay, Oakland and Berkeley. Later in the article, he laments the ascendancy of the Port of Oakland as a place removed from the City.

Allman also mentions the BART system, but comments that the system fails to unite the Bay area into a cohesive whole. This is absolutely true—what transit system can achieve such a goal?—but one of the primary failures of BART is its limited range. It serves only three counties out of the six that could use it. There are no plans to extend the service, and even the present line is woefully inadequate to the area it does serve—it's about as useful as the similar showpiece in Mexico City.

Allman mentions that San Franciscans feel their troubles come from outside, but there is no outside in today's cosmopolitan urban society. When San Franciscans speak of the Manhattanization of their city, they refer to the effect of rampant high-rise development, not to its perpetrators. No one sophisticated enough to recognize the problem would blame their woes on outside agitators.

Finally, Mr. Allman failed to mention, probably out of ignorance, the existence of one other sizable clique, namely that of former New Yorkers living in exile from Babylon. They are the ones who gloomily point out the superiorities of LA—better newspaper, better symphony—while they bemoan the provincial life they lead.

Thank you for including this article in your magazine. It describes aptly the death of a city's personality, and I hope you will follow it with more in-depth examinations of the state that brought you George Murphy. Ronald Reagan, Richard Nixon, and I know you'll like S. I. Hayakawa.

Allan Masri
Sonora, California

To the editors:

While we live in San Francisco for the many advantages we feel it offers our family, I would not be critical of an article in your journal just because it is anti-San Francisco. But I am shocked that T. D. Allman's "San Francisco Blues" lacks depth and accuracy. The author has not looked beneath the surface. Most notably, Proposition T, which he incorrectly calls Proposition I, was put on the ballot not because we do not consider ourselves a city, as the author concludes. Rather, it was felt that it is time for a whole city to be represented, not just the downtown financial interests. All of our present supervisors live in only two areas of the city, the wealthiest areas at that. Shouldn't other people, other areas be represented, the voters were asked. And Prop. T drew people together; the majority who felt that what was best for *all* the people would be best for our city. Let everybody be heard. Apparently Allman went no further in his reporting than the anti-Prop. T campaign slogan.

The places and events that he cites, from over-dressing at the opera to Trader Vic's, involves only a small segment of San Francisco. To us, San Francisco means being able to send our daughter to a nursery school with an economic and ethnic variety found in very few places in this country. It means living in a neighborhood and a city where there is no majority group. It means living in a city that votes for the farm worker, for nuclear safety, against Hayakawa—while the state as a whole is doing just the opposite.

I wish Allman had done a little more research and spoken to a few more people than he apparently did.

Nancy Flaxman-Shore
San Francisco, California

T. D. Allman replies:

I myself was astonished to read about Proposition 'I' in my recent article on San Francisco. It read Proposition T throughout the original manuscript, and I am informed by the editors of *The*

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New Republic that the misrendering was the result of a printing error.

Let me frankly admit the article's most stunning howler. I apologize to San Francisco for placing Squeaky Fromme there the day she tried to shoot President Ford, and hereby transfer full responsibility to Sacramento. But I am afraid San Francisco must retain responsibility for S. I. Hayakawa. It was there that he made his reputation, and it was on the basis of that reputation that he won his Senate seat. I never suggested that San Francisco voted for Hayakawa. The point of my article was that San Francisco, which still votes for liberal candidates, has ceased to be a beacon, and that Hayakawa's success was one proof of it.

I reject the quibbling over my description of Proposition T as winning a 'stunning victory.' I did not say an 'overwhelming victory,' and the 52-48 win for Proposition T did indeed stun many of its opponents. Just ask the members of the old Board of Supervisors or the downtown financial interests.

As for the other criticisms: Ms. Flaxman-Shore accuses me of repeating the 'anti-Prop. T campaign slogan,' and she then goes on to repeat the pro-Proposition T campaign slogans. Her view clearly prevailed in the recent election, but the real test will be whether this new form of government will reverse—or only accelerate—the trends in San Francisco which even critics of my article seem to agree are disturbing. Time will tell, but the initial consequences are by no means reassuring, and I stick to my judgment that Proposition T will hasten the flight of business capital from the city, as well as increase the tendencies toward urban divisions along ethnic lines.

Mr. Masri seems to support my comments on the BART system. However I would not agree with his implication that even more useless spending on more BART lines is needed. How about a good Bay area bus system instead, with special lanes on the bridges and freeways? It would cost a tenth of BART—and be much more reliable. Mr. Masri is correct in lamenting the San Francisco penchant for showpiece projects, and I thank him for conceding that my article 'describes aptly the death of a city's personality.'

Mr. Saunders seems more outraged that I should dare to attack the San Francisco mystique at all than at any error or lack of accuracy. I agree with Mr. Masri that *The New Republic* whould have 'more in-depth examinations' of the California scene.

It is fun, nontheless, to indulge oneself in a little iconoclasm once in a while—especially when the subject is a city that takes itself as seriously as San Francisco does.

Subliminal and Ridiculous

To the editors:

It was not uncommon a while back to have your Friday night movie at the local theatre spiked with a frame or two of soda pop or popcorn images. One could imagine that this intoxicating seduction was repugnant to at least a few projectionists who were aware of it, and I would have felt indebted to one of them who, as the frame rapidly approached, courageously slowed down the film so I could have a look at them, and thus perhaps be spared their influence.

These additional frames in the movies have gone the way of the marbles in the soup, but what they represent is hardly dead. As I hurry down the street to the supermarket, while I reach on the shelves for the cans and boxes, when I descend to the subway, even later as I relax at home reading a magazine, I am vaguely aware of the print, the drawings, the photographs, the logos, the icons that come together forming the frame of advertising. I recognize phrases I'd never realized I'd read, and associate names with pictures I could swear I've never seen. Moreover, I occasionally have well-defined attitudes toward products that I have never come in contact with. Marlboro cigarettes seem to evoke a thought of virility, and a certain brand of whiskey (I recognize the name when I see it) calls forth gentle, indistinct erotic memories.

Roger Rosenblatt has again ("I Smell a Horse," *TNR*, Dec. 25, 1976) isolated some of these dimly perceived but effective frames. When I read this piece, as when I read many of his others, my experience is no longer a half-conscious glance at a photograph and some print, or a fleeting image of some vaguely recognized design as the bus rides by, but is now an enforced gaze at a solid and substantial creation. It is not a pleasant business, being slowed down to consciously look at advertisements, but it is probably healthy. I thank Mr. Rosenblatt for the periodic doses of concentrated attention.

Mitchell A. Meltzer
New York, New York

TRB, *from page 2*

state of American life, which makes us think we can create costless benefits for our people." That's why he cast vetoes. "Nowhere," he continues, "are those benefits tradeoffs so evident as in our Social Security program and in our efforts to provide medical insurance for our people." He seems to be saying that we can't afford health insurance; we can't revise Social Security funding, which is the most regressive of all our taxes. Other nations can; we can't. Moderate-liberal Charles Schultze replaces Ayn Rand-fundamentalist Alan Greenspan as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. Other names go up on Washington's doors of power. One odd one, incidentally, is Zbigniew Brzezinski, national security adviser; nobody has caused more tumult in composing rooms since Czolgosz shot McKinley.

As Mr. Carter takes office the three kingpin industrial countries are standing like small boys on a raft—each urging the others to jump in. The pond is the world economic crisis. Each country wants the others to go first, to stimulate, to reflate, to risk more inflation. The recovery in the US still is tentative; most other countries are in bad shape; the developing countries are in desperate shape. The gap between rich and poor is getting bigger.

If you think this is exaggerated, note that Jimmy Carter (who was acting President three or four weeks before taking oath) dispatched Richard Cooper, his Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs, to Tokyo; it's one reason for sending Fritz Mondale to Europe and Japan, it's one reason we can expect the President himself to attend an economic summit meeting in Europe, maybe in late May. Somebody has to coordinate signals. "There's substantial risk of a premature world recession," Brookings expert Lawrence Krause told Congress. The danger is high tariffs, devaluations, capital flow restrictions—all the dirty tricks nations can use to beggar their neighbors. It brought Hitler in the '30s. Big shot Reginald Jones of General Electric testified that the "world economy is in such precarious condition that [American] stagnation could lead the whole world into another recession."

How many things must Carter fix? Amnesty, Panama Canal, SALT talks, China, the Middle East. Now add another: the world economy.

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Washington Diarist

Healed City

This has been not only the first inauguration of a new president since 1969, but the first since Washington has come into its own as a city on the threshold of greatness. Eight years ago it was a torn, burned, mean, blackened, nasty, murderous place. Since then it has blossomed. All the visitors I meet are astounded by it, but they are no more astonished than its residents are beginning to be pleased and proud. I looked through the calendar of events for the five-day inauguration, and what was remarkable about it was that it did not read all that differently from the calendar of events for any week in Washington now. It is not only that the Kennedy Center has been a much greater success than most people imagined, that the Hirshhorn is here, that the Air and Space Museum of the Smithsonian is a superb and glistening attraction, that there has just been a tremendous exhibition of Rauschenberg, and that the treasures of King Tut gleam alabaster white and shine gold as gold can be at the National Gallery, and that Andy Warhol, that adept publicist, is exhibiting here.

Those matter, but more interesting is the manner in which the arts—as they are generously defined so as to include John Wayne—have made their obeisance to the new president. Sixteen years ago, when John Kennedy brought the arts to Washington to attend his throne, it was as if something cosmopolitan was being brought to a provincial town. Casals was, after all, replacing Lawrence Welk. At the concert preceeding Nixon's second inaugural, Eugene Ormandy conducted Tschaikovsky's 1812 Overture—complete, it was said, with recordings of B-52s dropping their payload over Vietnam. That same night there was a Concert for Peace at the National Cathedral. Leonard Bernstein conducted a pick-up orchestra and chorus in a stirring Haydn *Mass in Times of War*. Bernstein was back this year at Carter's pre-inaugural concert. But Mikhail Baryshnikov did not dance, as he'd been expected to. The Solzhenitsyn doctrine survives Kissinger. Having asked Baryshnikov, some inauguration officials thought better, or rather worse, of it later: his presence might offend the Russians.

Anyone who journeys round Washington just now must be aware that some of the high spirits that have accompanied the Inauguration spring from the expectation that, with the Democrats back in power, there will be more money around. Even Republicans think that many pastures will be greener. A loyal Republican friend of mine voted twice for Nixon, but with tears in his eyes. "My stocks will go down," he wept. "My party always cleans me out." It was Harry Truman who made the best remark about this phenomenon, when he told the story of a man who had said that he wished he could vote for Dewey in 1952. When asked why, he replied: "I voted for him the last two times, and business has never been as good as it is today."

Now that The Transition is over, there is one more thing worth saying about it, for the very reason that it is taken so much for granted. It is hard to think of many countries in the world—or indeed in history—in which a newly selected leader waits for almost three months in the wings, without anyone thinking that the existing president and his administration will not use the three months for some skulduggery, even if not to prevent the new president from taking over. It would not happen in Uganda, and perhaps not even in Italy. The only comparison which has been suggested to me is of the general election in Britain in 1945, when the ballots were not counted for three weeks after they were cast, so that the votes of the troops overseas could be sent home from round the world. It was an Italian journalist in London at the time who asked with stupefaction in what other country in the world the ballot papers would sit around in town halls for three weeks with no one suspecting that anyone would tamper with them. The almost three months of our own transition is in its way as extraordinary.

A longtime political colleague of Walter Mondale told me this week that both Mondale himself and Jimmy Carter are serious in their attempt to make the vice presidency a position that has a genuine function. He took up a point I made last week. "You say that Carter is in danger of cutting his lines to the constituencies that matter most to him. But why do you think he chose Mondale in the first place, and where do you think Mondale's strength comes from now?" He gave me a savvy look: "I'll make a bet with you: a dinner at Jean-Pierre. Everyone thinks of Fritz as a rather staid liberal labor politician from Minnesota. I am prepared to bet you that by the end of this year he will be the 'man about town' of the administration. He will be the Kissinger, but still the politician Carter needs beside him." I reserved a table at Jean-Pierre for next December 31.

Keen television news watchers will have observed that CBS seems to be grooming Rod MacLeish to take the place of Eric Sevareid, who is expected to retire some time in the next century. MacLeish is now offering his thoughts on the morning news on weekdays and the evening news on Saturdays and Sundays. I have been told that Sevareid and he have been named "Big Think" and "Little Think" by a member of the staff of CBS News, who cannot expect his career to advance if he continues to display such humor. Now that I have passed the names on to you, see if you can ever watch Eric Sevareid again without thinking of him as "Big Think."

What can one say of Beverly Sills, even when one wants to say it all? As she sang one of the best known and best loved of all the songs of opera at the Inaugural Eve Gala, her voice moving up and down that extraordinarily demanding range with such a ripple and yet with every note, on the way up or down, so distinct even as she touched it only for a split second, what can one do except allow oneself just to be loved by her amazing gift? Well, I think there is something to say: even as she reaches—as she does have to reach—for the highest notes, even as her whole face and frame are concentrated—as they have to be concentrated—on that ravishing spill of sound which she pours about one's ears, she is so little the *prima donna*. There is a happiness in her singing which is in her, whatever sadness there may also be in her. When she goes on stage, it is not just with her gift of voice, or the training of it, but with joy that is hers. She returns the great compliment which W. H. Auden paid to the composer when he said that, of all the arts, you—music—"you are the only healer." The healing is all in her, with an abounding grace as well as genius.

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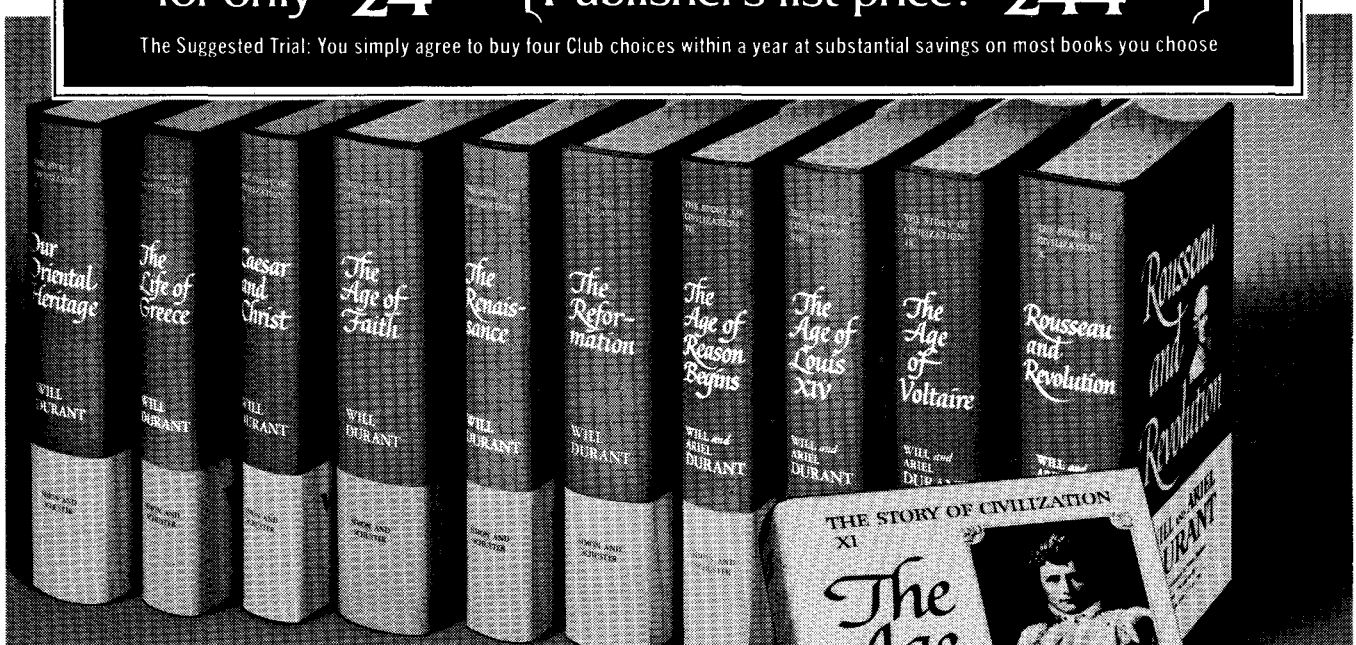

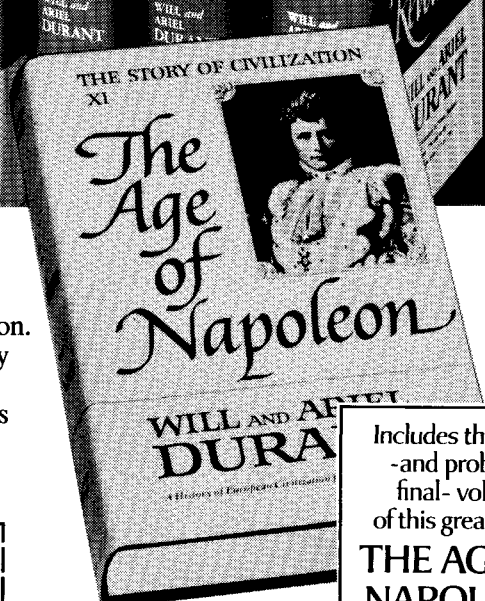

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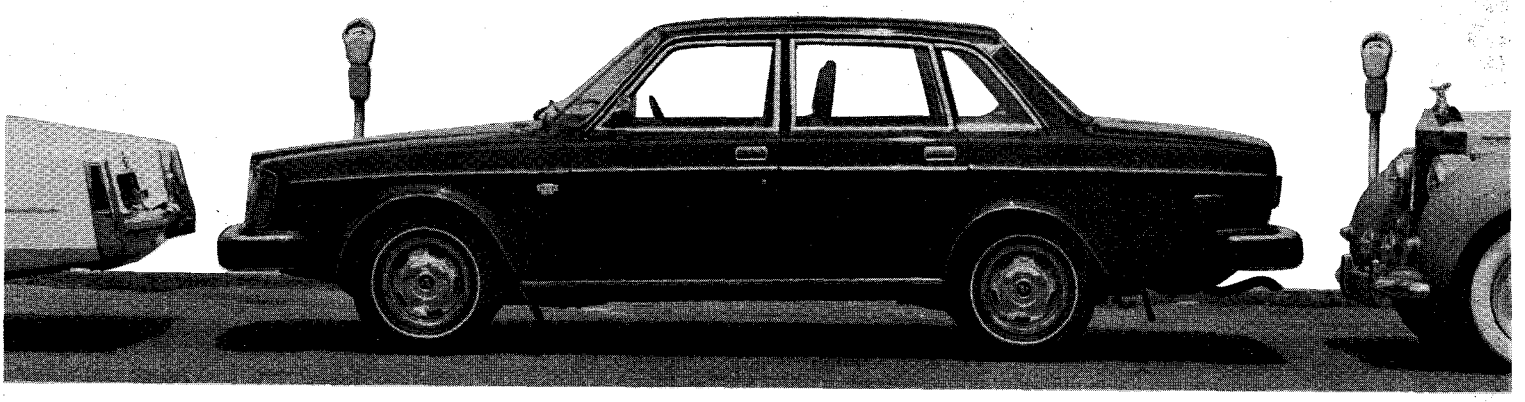
We sell a car that costs a lot of Money but doesn't look like It. Volvo.



When you buy a Volvo, you're not paying for a lot of obvious status symbols. You're paying for safety built in style. For things like hidden roll bars that protect passengers in case of collision up to 60 m.p.h. And you're paying for Volvo's famed durability that keeps it running and running and running with hardly a temperamental moment. And for Volvo's famous orthopedically designed seating; the exquisite comfort, the uncramped head and leg room and wrap around visibility that, again, sets Volvo apart.

In fact, one test drive removes any doubts about Volvo's price.

If you've given a lot of thought to what you need in a car, come see us. We'll answer your questions, explain our Preferred Customer Service and offer you a test drive.

Then you won't think it's a lot of money at all.

VOLVO **Volvo of Washington**

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